

THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOL



SOUTH CHINA

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V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. A., Superior General

THE FIELD AFAR

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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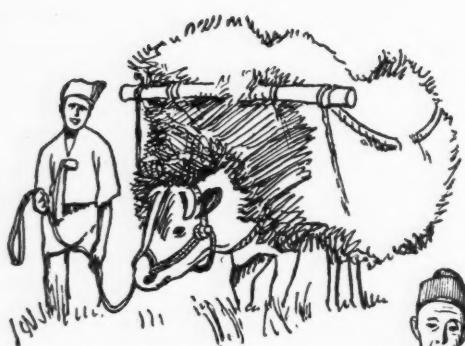
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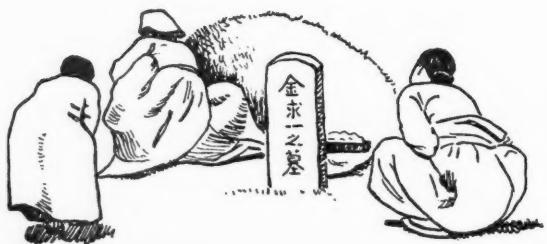
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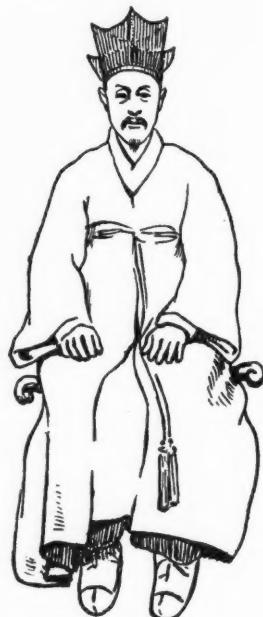


A "LID MAKER"
PUTTING ON FIFTH AVENUE FINISH



MAKING IRONING STICKS

[The laundered clothes
are pounded smooth
with these]



A CORNER ON LEARNING

[For every thousand characters
known, the scholar gets a peak
on his hat]



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OCTOBER, 1932



KOREA, WHERE THE HARVEST IS GREAT

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, Superior General of Maryknoll

THE September number of THE FIELD AFAR left the Maryknoll Superior General at the newly-opened, but already promising, mission of Shikusen, in the Society's Korean field. The present issue accompanies him to the end of his rapid journey through Maryknoll-in-Korea, which also marked the close of his 1931 visitation of his Society's five mission fields in the Orient.

Yeng You—

We sat at Fr. Plunkett's simple board at Shikusen that noon, and then hastened away to Yeng You, the mother of all these new missions. I recalled well my former visit to Yeng You, when, with its only autobus out of commission, we had been subjected to a forced march, and would have "lost face" altogether had not some rickshaws met us on the outskirts of the village, just in time to allow us to enter in state.

But times are changing in Korea; and now we were met at the station not only by the pastor, Fr. Halloran, but also by Fr. Cleary, who has served the missions as curate, pastor, pioneer, and last—but not least—a chauffeur.

I had heard how, with truck, Fr. Cleary had saved much building expense at Saito; but now I found him in a Maryknoll "Henry", a convenience made possible largely through the thoughtfulness of Fr. Mooney, Propagation of the Faith Director in Rochester, N. Y., where Fr. Cleary once studied.

It was mid-afternoon, and Yeng You looked familiar as we turned the corner for a view of the picturesque setting. Fotosan was still with us, and at this point he took a shot, after which we proceeded, the villagers "sitting up" as we passed.

Five years ago the commodious house built alongside the Yeng You church



A LANGUAGE TEACHER OF THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS IN KOREA
For the most part the women and girls of Korea are untouched by the wave of sophistication which has influenced many of the young men during the recent material development of the country. Vocations to the religious life are frequent among Korean girls

was filled with priests—language students and missionaries. Since then a Center has been established near Heijo, the Prefectural city, and a smaller house below the church meets the Yeng

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You pastor's needs, while the Maryknoll Sisters have been installed in what was then the rectory.

Catholic Publications Needed—

The church was in fine condition, the congregation large, and the Sisters evidently well and much interested in their activities, which included school and workrooms.

Among the people were several who mentioned the former visit; also a solitary Japanese, who has been much interested in the Faith. She is the wife of the principal official at Yeng You, and it was good to note how easily she mingled with the Korean women as they left the church.

Following the church ceremony and a visit to the convent, we went down to the priests' house, behind which is a large court where the people had assembled for the formal reception, addresses, and gifts.

Among the addresses at Yeng You was one read with great speed but evident intelligence by a young lady whose father, a convert from Protestantism, is now in the United States perfecting himself in English and Catholic philosophy, so as to increase his usefulness as lay helper to the missionaries.

One has to be among these people to realize the great value to a foreign priest—European or American—of a well informed, intelligent layman, one who can write as well as read his language, who can present important matters to officials, put our letters in newspaper articles, explain the doctrine clearly, and in other ways be of service to the Cause.

Catholic publications in Korean are very few, and in this line alone there is a great field yet to be cultivated, a field that with the rising generation in Korea should not be allowed to lie fallow.

Lunch over, Fr. Cleary released the Henry from its hiding place (it would have been handled and scratched by scores of curious youngsters had it been hitched to the doorpost), piled us



A WEDDING AT THE MARYKNOLL PENG YANG KOREAN MISSION. THE COSTUMES OF THE WESTERN WORLD ARE REPLACING, EVEN IN THIS ANCIENT LAND, THE QUAINTR GARMENTS OF CENTURIES-OLD TRADITION

The missionaries standing behind the wedding party are (reading from the left) Fr. Leo Peloquin, of Brockton, Mass.; Fr. Patrick Duffy, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Fr. Joseph Connors, of Pittsfield, Mass.

in; and, with bows galore, we were off to—I did not know where, as by this time I was almost dizzy with the Korean whirl.

Masan—

I soon learned that we were bound for Masan, where Fr. Joseph Connors, of Pittsfield, Mass., was expecting us, that, after another reception and a sit-in with our former faculty member, we should push on that night to the city of Peng Yang, and finally reach the Center House at Saiho for the rest period to which we should be entitled.

The sun had set before we reached the village of Masan, where we found Fr. Connors and his Christians in the main street, in front of the church, to which we went without further delay.

The church is just such a Korean house as I had seen for the first time, nine years ago, at Shingishu, where we had to bend almost double in order to enter. Two low-roofed houses were set against each other at right angles, the altar being placed at the angle; the men were on one side, and the women on the other.

Intensely poor is the mission church, but filled with good people, in an atmosphere of simple faith. Fr. Connors helped me at Benediction, and interpreted afterwards.

It is a commonplace that time flies; but, as I hear our Maryknollers addressing their congregation with warmth and apparently great facility in the strange language of their adopted country, I marvel at their accomplishment in what always seems to me the very short time since they left the Maryknoll of their native land.

An Unspoiled People—

There is a future in store for Masan, as for all other stations in country sections of Korea, where the people are unspoiled. They have comparatively few superstitions, and minds are open to the truth. I am assured over and over again that, given enough priests, conversions would quickly mount into thousands. Now is the acceptable time.

Our men are strongly encouraging native vocations, in view of the pressing need, and to prepare for the day when, as in our own country, the Church can be managed by its own sons. That day is yet distant, however, and Korea looks to priests from the West as we in America once looked to Europe. We must keep up our prayers for missionary vocations that will bring blessings to other lands, as well as to our own.

The little Masan makeshift of a

chapel down on that ragged Main Street will some day be turned to other uses; and a real church will be built on a rise of ground, a few minutes to the rear, where Fr. Connors has already located his cozy home.

There we went for supper and a chat, reluctant to leave as soon as we had to, in order to reach Saiho that night.

It was growing dark when we were bowed away, but the road was not too poor, and it was all "ours"; so that by nine o'clock we were traveling through the streets of the Maryknoll future Center, Peng Yang, or Heijo, as you will.

At Saiho—

It was growing late, however, and men were waiting up for us at Saiho, so we drove the length of the "great white way" of Peng Yang, turned, and made for our night lodge, a short hour away. There the "clan" had gathered from near and far, all up and some sleepy; but it was good to feel that here in Korea was a substantial house where each could find a room, and where all could be provided with some at least of the smaller comforts and reasonable necessities which missionaries may properly expect occasionally.

I was anxious to see this new building to which Fr. Byrne had given much thought, but it was dark and late, so we all turned in. Every man but one of the eighteen Maryknoll priests and two Brothers in the Peng Yang Prefecture reported at Saiho that day. The solitary exception, Fr. Peloquin, was preparing for us at Wonsan, a day's journey away.

After Mass and breakfast next morning we toured the new building, and sealed it with full approval. It is a substantial and attractive structure, built of brick, with a roof of native tile. I could not get the idea out of my head that I was not in a seminary, and certainly the building, in its ample acreage and with its broad outlook, could be admirably adapted to such a purpose.

Real honest-to-goodness cows are scarce in the Korean Mission, but there is a very fine one at Saiho. Every milking calls for heroism, and I remarked that the animal was frequently referred to, especially by the former

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city dwellers, as "he" and "him".

Fotosan, our Japanese photographer, was anxious to turn the crank for "him"; and did so finally, at the risk of ruining a valuable camera.

Conversions in Korea—

We left Saiho for Peng Yang that afternoon, and brought Fr. Chisholm, of Cambridge, Mass., with us to talk on the way. He is pastor at a place called Chuwa, which has nine stations, two of them very flourishing. I could not get to Chuwa nor to Chinnampo, which I once visited, and which has developed well under Fr. Duffy and Fr. Leo Sweeney successively. Chinnampo is a port with an excellent harbor and a promising future. Its missionaries must cover some ten outposts, each of which is ripe for intensive development.

A hundred converts a year is a usual record for these individual Korean missionaries; and, while comparisons are odious and often unreasonable, I sometimes recall with a pang that over in the homeland the average number of conversions is woefully small—one and a half to a priest, according to one writer's calculations. Perhaps, however, if our Korean missionaries were at work in the homeland their results would also be small, and I know that some of our zealous missionaries in South China are yet sowing in tears, hoping for the harvest. Nevertheless, the growing roster is a great encouragement and a blessed response to the sacrifices of personnel and means which American Catholics are being called upon to make.

Japanese Missions—

And now we were coursing through Peng Yang, a populous city with fairly wide thoroughfares, many stores, street cars, electric lights, modern improvements, and "ancient inconveniences". Our first visit was to the Japanese Mission which Fr. Hunt directs, and which, for the present at least, must find its home in a small, rented Japanese house. We were actually ahead of time, a whole day according to the calculations of our Japanese hosts, when we arrived.

Our reception committee were the cleaners, but they were also some of

the Christians, and we were much impressed by them, regretting sincerely the disappointment to them and to ourselves occasioned by this early visit.

Single-handed, Fr. Hunt is trying to do what he can to bring into the Faith the Japanese now scattered throughout the Peng Yang Mission. These are centered mostly in Peng Yang itself, and in Chinnampo. Fr. Hunt tells me that in the city of Peng Yang there are almost twenty-five thousand Japanese, and that their numbers are increasing. He has, as yet, very few Catholics, but among these are a high government official and a naval officer with his family.

At Chinnampo Fr. Hunt's Catholics number thirty-four, out of a Japanese population of five thousand. "Few, but good"—again. Fr. Hunt remarks that in meeting Japanese he finds them invariably well disposed. He thinks that the best hope is among the educated classes, especially among those who have had contact with foreigners, including Protestant missionaries; and he has been especially surprised at a lack of the prejudice which he had expected to find. He has made friends easily even with the bonzes (Buddhist priests).

Fr. Hunt goes also occasionally to Shingishu, where he says that there are eight thousand Japanese; and some twelve thousand more live across the Yalu River at Antung. He believes that the opportunity for conversion in these cities is excellent.

There Are Strong Reasons—

Encouraging and tempting I find this report of Fr. Hunt's, but it is also tantalizing, just as it must be tantalizing for a solitary man to stand at the edge of a valuable mine and realize that there is no one to work it but himself. There are strong reasons why we of Maryknoll should try hard to reach the Japanese in our missions.

It is reason enough that the Son of God has died for them and desires their salvation, but we may add to this a remembrance of the fact that thousands of Japanese have died for love of their Savior, and that these people have given to the world an unprecedented example of perseverance during centuries without priest or altar. The makings of saints must be in such a people, but the gold that is in their hearts must be mined slowly and laboriously, according to present observations.



THE LADY CATECHIST AT THE MARYKNOLL JAPANESE MISSION IN PENG YANG INSTRUCTS A YOUNG GIRL FOR BAPTISM
The gold that is in Japanese hearts must be mined slowly and laboriously, according to present observations in the mission fields

LIE UNDER THE SWAY OF UNBELIEF AND SUPERSTITION.



FERRYING THE MISSION "HENRY" ACROSS A RIVER ON THE WAY TO EUNSAN, FR. CRAIG'S EXTENSIVE RURAL "PARISH"

With the Korean Christians are Fr. Hugh Craig, of Minneapolis, Minn. (to the reader's left); the Visitor; and Msgr. John Morris, of Fall River, Mass., Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Korean mission field

The Maryknoll Missions that include a responsibility for the evangelization of the Japanese people are confined to Manchuria and Korea. In both places the officials with whom our men must treat are as a rule Japanese; and, while the mission work calls habitually for the Korean language, it is a considerable advantage for them to know some Japanese. I would go further and say that the missioner in these fields should make special efforts to acquire this language, since he may be called upon at any time to use it, not only for official business, but to express thereby his interest in the Japanese people who now or later may be within his jurisdiction. The knowledge of another's tongue dispels suspicion and invites confidence. It leads to a more accurate and sympathetic appreciation of the character and viewpoints of another people, who habitually are found to have hearts that vary as ours do—some small, others large, some obdurate, others meek and gentle and yielding. If we would read the heart of a fellow-man, we cannot do better than learn the language that he loves best.

Peng Yang Progress—

It was quite a change to pass from the little Japanese house in Peng Yang

that carries the name of *Catholic Mission* over to the Korean Catholic compound, where six hundred children were gathered with their elders to receive us.

In recording my former visit I made a comparison between the apparent strength of Protestant churches in Peng Yang and our own struggling mission. This year I did not see the Protestant missions, which continue to function on a large scale, but it was good to note marked progress in our own mission compound. The entrance is still by a narrow, winding alley, but the land area, which is on high ground and in a desirable locality, has been increased by the gradual purchase, as means allowed, of small holdings.

The Peng Yang school is partially self-supporting, as most of the children pay a small tuition fee. The Peng Yang people also help to keep the compound buildings warm during the long, cold winter, meeting out of their slender income about one-half of the coal expense. Let me say here that along the line, in these northern missions, I found many tributes to the generosity of the people. Even now Mass offerings are not rare, and the usual stipend, though not regulated by any

statute, is equal to that given ordinarily in the United States.

We are helping these people to help themselves, until the day when they shall be numerous enough to carry on by themselves, as do our Catholics in the homeland. In the meantime, I am certain that they appreciate the sacrifices that are making possible their present development.

This was Fotosan's last chance for a "shot", and he improved the shining hour while we priests, with Msgr. Morris, sat in state at the end of the open courtyard and received the welcome addresses and kindly gifts.

There is a small group of native Sisters here at Peng Yang, loaned to the Mission from Seoul, and they have been an undisguised blessing. Their convent is something in the nature of a bird cage, and, when we called to pay our respects, they sat on the floor when they were not bowing; but they appeared quite content, their present ambition, however, being to possess two little statues for their private devotions.

Sayonara, Fotosan!—

When the services and reception were over and the people had left the compound, we said good-bye to Fotosan. When he joined us at Dairen, Fotosan knew nothing of what was before him. The word *Maryknoll* had never registered on his ear, and he had never met a Catholic priest. We found him cold, and somewhat fearful. Leaving us, it was like parting from an old friend, and we should not be surprised if a tear dropped to the ground as he bent his little back in a final salutation. *Sayonara, Fotosan!* You may be with us yet! If we have engaged you to make some pictures, it is simply because we wish to bring home to some good priests and people in America a realization of what their representatives are trying to accomplish in Asia for your people and others. So again, *Sayonara!*

On To Eunsan—

We turned into Fr. Duffy's twenty-by-ten, and awaited the next and last scene, before leaving for another night stand. This was a supper, to which Fr. Duffy had invited a few American Catholics, who comply with their obli-

gations by rubbing elbows on Sundays and other occasions with his Korean Christians. They are all connected with a huge American enterprise, and have been helpful to Fr. Duffy's mission in many ways. It was a pleasure to meet them; but, shortly after that meal, Fr. Cleary, our trusty chauffeur, appeared, and we were off for the final stop in the Prefecture, the village of Eunsan (pronounce it as you will).

Fr. Craig, of Minneapolis, Minn., the pastor, had gone on before us by rail from Saiho, fortunately, too, because he had hardly arrived when he was called to attend a sick man some ten miles away. He had made haste on his bicycle, however; and returned, warm but smiling, just as we shut off the gas and halted at his cabin home.

It was well towards ten o'clock, but the Christians were on hand and operative. We received their bows, and moved towards the very modest Korean compound that temporarily serves as church, reception rooms, and mission residence.

Fr. Cleary had some fine steering to do before we could cross the narrow road that leads to the alley beyond; and, when we did arrive, he unrolled a white cloth, draping the Henry with it while the awestricken children, who otherwise would have felt every one of Henry's bones, drew away with great respect.

We said some prayers with the people, and, smiling *good nights*, turned into the section of the one-story quadrangle that Fr. Craig calls home. To this he returns contented from his periodical visits to some eleven out-stations.

Since his arrival in Korea, Fr. Craig has lost both his parents. When news arrived of each death, the Christians feelingly expressed their sympathy, and had Masses offered for the parent's soul. As I prepared for sleep, I recalled these facts. While the missioner has his crosses, he has consolations too; and, if his heart be full of the love of the Master, these consolations will be many.

A Mission Home—

I wondered where in this small house Fr. Craig could have stored the others, Msgr. Morris, Fr. Cleary, Bro.

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William, and himself; but it was useless to ask or to insist that I should not deprive my host of his own lodgings.

I took account of my cubicle, the pastor's rather. It was an eight-by-ten, with a seven foot ceiling, and it had two paper-paneled doors. One led to the courtyard, the other to a six-by-seven that was occupied by the Prefect Apostolic himself, as I discovered the following morning to his surprise. The bed in the pastor's quarters was comfortable, the desk was prepared for work, two chairs were in place, one of which served as a clothes-hanger, and an ingenious homemade contrivance furnished a slender stream of running water. The room was free of litter, and pleasing to the eye. Apostolic poverty had not been made here an excuse for rubbish, dirt, or disorder.

Wall paper, the first I had noticed in the missions, covered the white plas-

ter; and a few well selected prints, one the Leonardo da Vinci Head of Christ, hung on the wall. This house could hardly have been poorer, but it had about it an atmosphere of comfort and would have caught the eye of some domestic architect with a problem to work out for a summer bungalow in the Hamptons, on Long Island, or elsewhere.

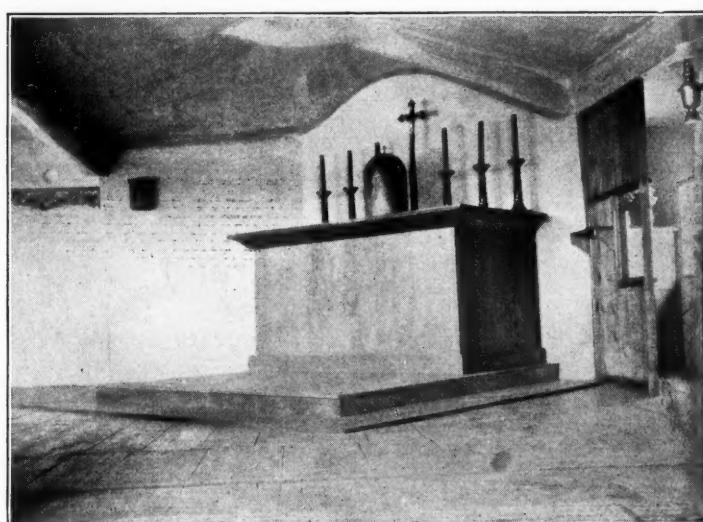
However this was no summer bungalow, and Fr. Craig has a lively time trying to keep a livable temperature in his home during the long winter.

Next morning the Christians returned for our early Masses; and among them were many who were anxious to tell me of their happiness in having a priest in their own village. I left Eunsan with a feeling that it would soon develop into a model mission.

I still have a recollection of the room that served as a chapel, and especially of a cylindrical tabernacle, made of metal and wood, and enclosed in a silken veil—a true rubrical touch in this Korean hamlet.

Eunsan marked the end of my visitation in the Peng Yang Prefecture, and, as it closed the series, I felt thankful to have made it on schedule.

(To be continued.)



THE ROOM WHICH SERVES AS A CHAPEL AT EUNSAN
The altar has a cylindrical tabernacle, made of metal and wood, a true rubrical touch in this Korean hamlet

HER MISSION TRAILS IGNORE ALL OBSTACLES.



Kongmoon's Novel Novices

By the Most Rev. James Edward Walsh,
M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic
of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission,
South China

IN their tiny plot a purple hedge of morning glories rings them round; and the murmur of big bumble bees might lull them to slumber, except that siestas are not on their schedule. Otherwise, the only creatures failing to respect the privacy of their compound are the mission chickens, that stray over occasionally to present them with fresh eggs for which they neither labored nor spun. Possibly the thoughtful fowls have imbibed the general spirit of helping the Sisters, for it is a strange thing in China how extraordinarily the animals take after the people.

A Chinese horse has pretty much the characteristics of his master; while the water buffalo exhibits in his own unique self a fine epitome of Chinese psychology. Our dogs also appear to share local tendencies, and they have been seen to "lose face" at times to the extent of refusing to eat. We never saw chickens and ducks go that far; but we expect to see it, if the panic lasts.

At any rate, there exists in China a distinct and widely shared tendency to approve, esteem, and aid the person and the work of the Catholic Sister. This is so much the case that missioners soon learn to withhold their own aid in practical affairs, because the Sisters unaided and alone can extract so much

more courtesy and assistance from the general public, Christian or pagan.

Concerning Rice Bowls—

There is a certain chivalry in China; and, if girl babies are thrown away, the survivors are compensated with extra deference. Accordingly it was to the tune of much charitable solicitude on the part of the existing community that the Sisters and novices occupied their infinitesimal convent at Kongmoon. The sacristan patched their roof, the gardener cut their grass, and even the cook, although jealous of their superior skill and even fearful for his job, bestirred himself in their behalf.

Only the missioners did nothing for

them; at least nothing more than to refrain from inflicting further injury upon them; for these were the individuals who had already stolen their intended house for a Seminary, leaving them the midget mansion, so overwhelmingly outgrown. This failure to be of help on our part suggests a less fanciful reason why the chickens may have been moved to present them with eggs; for included in our general supineness is the fact—astonishing, yet palpable to all—that we ourselves cannot feed them.

Twelve novices are surely an apostolic number, but it takes twelve hundred dollars a year to support even that many. And who has seen such a sum since the panic began? If the novices could only live on eggs and honey, our kindly little domestic auxiliaries would do their best to supply them; but the rice bowl is the thing, and few vocations would survive an empty one.

Just how the Sisters themselves supported this little group for five years in Hong Kong, before they brought them here, is one of those mysteries known only to themselves and St. Joseph. Now that the burden descends upon us, who should have assumed it from the beginning, we fail miserably to shoulder it. The fault with us is that we lack ways, methods, and means.

The Sisters Make Catholics—

Somebody said the support of novices would be like the support of seminarians. Which insinuated that it would come automatically out of a clear sky. One miracle spoiled us, and now we expect every enterprise to be engineered completely from above. Yet it is strange, in a manner of speaking, that the support of a Chinese novice should be harder to secure than that of her brother, the seminarian; and particularly that it should be harder to secure in America. American Catholics esteem and admire the priest, but surely they have a particular regard for the Sister. And for a good reason, inasmuch as the fabric of our Catholicity is very much bound up with the work she does and the life she leads.

From a mission point of view her work is equally crucial. Here in China we inhabit missions where Sisters

A MARYKNOLL ANNUITY

IF you are interested in securing your own needed income and in providing for Maryknoll after you pass on, drop us a post card with your address, and write: "Send information about annuities".

never existed. The result is that we spend the first decade of our labors in converting converts. Why? They had the Faith, but nothing else. A few scattered priests can bring them in, but only to the vestibule. Baptism, the grace of faith, and a few faint glimmers of Christian ethics; it is something, it is even much, but it is not Catholicity. The priests make converts, but the Sisters make Catholics. That was inevitable when the Creator decreed that the work of the world should be divided roughly on the basis of bread winning and mothering. What we do here at present for the future mothers of our million families is almost nothing. What we do in the line of charitable work for the general public is scarcely more. The main reason is that we are not Sisters.

"FRIENDS indeed" of the mission cause are those who secure new subscribers for *The Field Afar*. Get that new friend this month!

A missionary is by definition a jack of all trades, but there is a limit. In the Orient it is rigidly drawn by an immemorial custom that might thus be phrased: *Man's work pertains to men, but woman's work to women*. No good is accomplished by ignoring this rule. Sisters is the answer; novices the hope; training the program.

The Training—

All the aspirants to this future Order undergo an adequate training. All Chinese Catholic girls are pious, but

it is not enough to put a veil on them and call them Sisters. Piety is for the catechist, while what the religious needs is spirituality. One keeps the commands, and preaches counsels; whereas the other keeps the counsels, in order to preach effectively the commands.

Added to the canonical course of training in the spiritual life there is a measure of ordinary education. This is much needed, since our girls come to us with little knowledge of anything else than how to herd buffaloes. Yet for their future work all must be fairly intelligent and well informed. Besides, we accept them quite young to forestall early betrothals, and must keep them a correspondingly long time before they are old enough to be assigned to active work. We therefore



THE BEGINNINGS OF A NATIVE SISTERHOOD IN SOUTH CHINA. SEATED ARE THE NOVICE MISTRESS, SR. M. LAWRENCE, OF FALL RIVER, MASS. (ON THE READER'S LEFT), AND HER ASSISTANT, SR. M. PATRICIA, OF ARLINGTON, MASS.

These twelve, as yet untried, little souls are being trained by the Maryknoll Sisters for apostolic work among the mothers and future mothers of Kongmoon's million families

THE TRAILS OF CHRIST, THOSE OF HIS CHURCH,



THE OUTGROWN SEMINARY THAT BECAME A NOVITIATE
Now that the novices occupy the former Seminary, a purple hedge of morning glories insures the privacy of their little compound

impart to them a six year grade course as a minimum of instruction.

After the novitiate there is a further plan to finish them off as teachers, medical nurses, and industrial school instructors; such postgraduate work requiring three years more training. In short, canon law requires three years, maturity six, literacy nine, and efficiency twelve. At a hundred dollars a year for rice and tuition, it thus takes twelve hundred dollars to produce a fully trained Chinese Sister. They can be trained for less, but they are less trained. And they have a lot to learn.

The Sisters bought toothbrushes for all of them. When one appeared to have lost her toothbrush, the Sisters asked her to explain how. "That visitor who was here last night did not have any," she said, "so I loaned her mine." So do charity and sanitation grow up by degrees together. It all takes time.

Sister Lawrence, of Fall River, Mass., and Sister Patricia, of Arlington, Mass., are in charge of this work; and it keeps them hovering between the seventh heaven and the nether

depths. One day the novices will smilingly make some sacrifice that one would hesitate to ask of seasoned religious, and the next minute there will be a near insurrection because the cook omitted two cents worth of spinach. Custom does it.

The Chinese hold fast to what they have, what they know, and what they expect; take them out of and above and beyond their trodden round and atavistic ken, and they are capable of any height, because they do not know where to stop. The logic of their new vocation is thus able to operate upon them powerfully, and it will have no trouble in making of them saints and martyrs—though whether it will ever succeed in bringing them to "lose face"

If you wish to push one of our Burses over the top, we can supply you with a convenient means. Send for sample Burse cards.

gladly or to give up soy sauce is something else again.

Only a Start Needed—

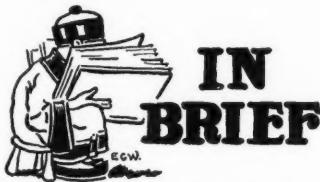
Meanwhile every mission needs the co-operation of Chinese Sisters who can staff the various charitable and educational works, so as gradually to instill the practice of the Faith in the hearts of those who rear China's children. An idea of supporting them by their own industrial work arises at times, but it remains in the realm of future hopes. A little help can no doubt be thus secured, but is not immediate and adequate support rather a mirage? Is it perhaps only another form of that phantasy of self-support that every missioner dallies with now and then, only to discard?

How this one would like to operate an industrial work, that one to conduct a printing press as a commercial venture, another to invent a machine, to develop a mine, to write novels, to run a farm. Poor chaps, how dreams of self-support do haunt you; and for a reason not far to seek! But who would visit your villages, who would keep on the constant rounds that are needed to tend the tiny spark of faith in your scattered flocks, if you were to settle down in one spot to pursue seriously a financial avocation? Did you come to China for this?

But if this scruple inhibits the missioner, not so the novices. Far from it. Being Chinese, and again being Sisters, they will have their two eyes on the main chance. Self-support will be child's play for them, once they have put away the things of a child. A start is all they need.

Indications of this are not wanting, and one such was their reaction to the unexpected welcome from the mission hens. To be presented with a dozen eggs would affect most people with gratitude. Here is the comment of the youngest novice—perhaps destined to be a procurator. "Let us buy one chicken," suggested she, "and then we can claim all the eggs that are laid in our compound."

For such people we ask only a fighting chance. By no means do we expect to support this Order forever. Give them an inch, and they will land on two feet.



THE average student does not need a deep pocket nor a large wallet to carry his spare money; and it is a tribute to the zeal and initiative of the *Aquinas Mission Unit of Rochester* that it gave last year to missions, home and foreign, \$1,830.

The anniversary of Father Philip Taggart's death came while the student-body was away. The actual date coincided with the Feast of St. Dominic, but on the following day at the Seminary Mass was offered by our Superior General for the soul of Father Taggart, who was remembered in Communion and prayers by all on the compound.

Maryknoll-in-Los Altos reports with enthusiasm the visit of Archbishop Mitty, Coadjutor of San Francisco, who stayed at the College for dinner one day and there met several priest-benefactors of our work. The occasion was the twenty-first birthday of Maryknoll, and Archbishop Mitty recalled his early associations with the Mother Knoll when he was Doctor Mitty, "Moral Professor", at Dunwoody Seminary, N. Y.

Touching on the subject of missions, Archbishop Mitty expressed his conviction that *aid given to foreign and home missions brings invariably spiritual and material returns to home parishes.*

To a priest-friend in St. Paul we owe thanks, and the following: I am enclosing a check for five dollars to help get the homeliest man in your picture gallery out of the country. Tell him that if he will go to Hong Kong or somewhere, I will send another five to keep him there. He looks kind of innocent, though; and so in-

stead of placing a cross in his picture, as you suggested, I am surrounding it with a circle, which circle I expect will soon take on the proportions of a halo.

The Sulpician Fathers at the Diocesan College of St. Joseph's across the field from Maryknoll-in-Los Altos, California, are like "uncles" to our students, and many expressions of regret were



MONSIGNOR RAYMOND A. LANE, OF LAWRENCE, MASS., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF THE MARYKNOLL FUSHUN MISSION IN MANCHURIA

Monsignor Lane donned the robes of his office at Maryknoll's most recent Mission Departure Ceremony. He sailed in August, with this year's mission band for Manchuria. We ask prayers for this pioneer Maryknoller, who is assuming heavy responsibilities under particularly difficult conditions

heard when it was learned that two of them, Fr. Jepson (the President) and Fr. Marcetteau, had been transferred. Relief came, however, with the news that Fr. Nevins, who has known Maryknoll from its birth, was on his way to direct St. Joseph's.

One of our 1932 "departants", Fr. Raymond Quinn, of Monterey Park, California, was a former student at St. Joseph's, which he visited before leaving for South China.

A Benedictine missioner, Father Conrad Rapp, was killed in Manchuria while on his way to visit two of his sick confrères. The two missioners, who had contracted typhus, died of the disease.

We join our Maryknoll Manchu missioners in an expression of sympathy to our Benedictine neighbors in Manchuria, and we extend assurance of prayers.

From a FIELD AFAR reader in Hollis, N. Y., comes the following "depression idea":

I spend no pennies. For example, if I wish to buy a newspaper for three cents and happen to have the three pennies, I break another coin; and the original three cents, in addition to the two pennies received in change, are put into a bank for that purpose. It is surprising how these pennies accumulate, and how easy it is to give this way. It's almost like a game.

While the amount I am enclosing is small, I am sure that, if all your subscribers would do the same, the total received would be quite large. Here's hoping this "depression idea" will start a "golden era" for you.

IN THANKSGIVING

ENCLOSED please find an offering, part of which is for a Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart, and the remainder to be added to the fund for the new missioners who are leaving us for their great work in far countries.

This offering is one which I promised to the Sacred Heart for a favor granted me through the intercession of St. Anthony. I would like it to be known how good the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony are to me.—Norwalk, Conn.

The Maryknoll Mission Trail



AN ANCIENT WALLED CITY IN THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW MISSION FIELD, OF KWANGSI PROVINCE, SOUTH CHINA

To the left the fore wheel of a "Henry" introduces an arresting touch of modernity

BISHOP WALSH RECEIVES A WELCOME VISITOR

Kongmoon—

(*Kongmoon Vicariate*)

A MONG pleasant privileges recently enjoyed by our missionaries at Kongmoon was the visit of Father de Jonghe, member of the Synodal Commission that exists to co-ordinate the workings of China's missions.

Nor was the pleasure lessened by his subsequent report that he was able to see *chez nous* an "excellent preparatory seminary".

Time did not allow him to go further and fare worse by viewing the meager educational efforts of our scattered missions; but, if the panic ever folds its tent, we shall try to bolster up our whole scholastic program, in the hope that the next inspection will reveal a serious effort all along the line.

FR. MEYER BRINGS HAPPINESS TO SADDLE RIDGE VILLAGE

Pingnam—

(*Wuchow Mission*)

THE rice planting season is now upon us, and arrangements have been made for the missioner to go to Saddle Ridge for the Baptisms, so that

the catechumenate may be discontinued during the busy season.

From Pingnam to Saddle Ridge is a walk of about sixteen miles. As I near the gate of the village, long strings of firecrackers are set off. The villagers, thus made aware of my arrival, come to extend their welcome; and we enter the small temporary chapel for the *Come, Holy Ghost* and

FATHER McSHANE OF MARYKNOLL

THIS book has just been published, and we know that whoever reads it will be gratified by the experience. We were urged to price it at two dollars, so as to be assured of some direct profit. We have actually priced it at one dollar, certain of loss, but confident that in the long run ours will be the gain in friends, in vocations, in prayers—and not improbably in gifts.

Read this book, and pass it on.

the prayer of arrival.

After supper the examinations in Catechism and prayers begin, and last until ten o'clock, when I plead fatigue and retire. The following morning a group receive the Sacrament of Baptism; and, after Mass, the examinations begin again. There are two Catechisms, the ordinary one, and another, very much abridged, for old people. Some of these latter, however, come proudly forward and show by their knowledge of the ordinary Catechism that they require no concession.

There is then a short intermission until lunch, which consists of rice gruel and a dish of greens. After lunch the examinations continue, and another group are baptized just before the evening meal. About twenty to twenty-five are baptized at one time, as it has been found that more than twenty-five take so long as to prove tiring, both for the missioner and those receiving Baptism.

In the evening examinations are again held. Interspersed with night prayers and a sermon, they last until eleven o'clock. On the following day the previous day's program is repeated, and the total number of baptized come to ninety-three.

Saddle Ridge is now practically a Catholic village; may its inhabitants guard jealously their new-found faith, which means so much more to them than they, or we, can realize.

FR. ECKSTEIN PRESENTS PAGES FROM KAYING'S "WHO'S WHO"

Kaying—

(*Kaying Prefecture Apostolic*)

OUR porter came back from the Straits many years ago. His twenty years in a foreign country did not bring him riches, so he returned to China to die. One day he came to the Mission to observe a Feast, and afterwards forgot to go home. His seventy years, his poverty, and his two weeks' residence in the compound were sufficient to procure squatter's rights for him.

To save his pride, he was given the job of keeping the gate. He doles out coppers to the beggars; brings the Fathers' mail upstairs every morning; and makes a pretense of conducting the numerous visitors around the building, following feebly afar off while they

poke their curious noses in all the places where they are not welcome. To protect the missionaries from importunate visitors he always tells them that the priests are sleeping, whether it be nine o'clock in the morning or two in the afternoon. It is invariably accepted as a valid excuse, though the missionaries' reputations must suffer.

The rest of the day is passed in reciting the rosary and in saying, *God bless you!* to the priests, which most frequent salutation amply repays the missionaries for giving him a home.

And now for a few words about our sexton. The missioner who wants to get an early start on a long journey comes out alone in the dark, cold church, lights the candles, and wonders if he will have a server. Heavy ster- torous breathing warns him at the second oration that the faithful sexton is there to help him. He is covered with confusion while serving at the altar. Beads of sweat stand out on his brow, and his horny hands grip the cruets until the knuckles whiten. One can feel the tension exuding from his person until the book is safely moved to the Gospel side and the end of the *Lavabo*. The rest is easy; he rather enjoys ringing the bell.

He was once an oarsman on the North River. A passenger was killed on his boat; he was unjustly accused of the murder, and spent five years in jail while his innocence was being thrashed out between the families.

Finally released, but broken in health and fortune, he drifted into the Church to pass his declining years. He says many prayers, and reads many books on doctrine. It pleases him to wear a very large scapular medal, right out on the front of his blouse.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin

At him here,
But his old three-cornered hat
And his breeches and all that
Are so queer."

**FR. ALBERT MURPHY PUTS
THE ANTUNG DISPENSARY
ON THE MAP**

Antung—

(Manchurian Mission)

RECENTLY I learned that patients are coming to us from places far in the interior. We are known in sev-

Mission Values

\$1

Will support a Maryknoll missioner for a day.

\$5

Will provide for the adoption of a Chinese baby, thereby rescuing it from paganism.

\$15

Will enable our missioners to pay for one month the salary of a native catechist.

\$100

Will support for one year a young Chinese preparing for the priesthood in one of our Mission Junior Seminaries.

\$365

Will provide the support of a Maryknoll missioner—Priest, Brother, or Sister—during one year.

\$500

Will cover the travel expenses of a Maryknoll apostle to Asia.

eral distant villages.

Owing to contacts made at the mission dispensary a number are studying the doctrine, in preparation for Baptism, and former Christians who had

drifted away are again frequenting the Sacraments. Our medical work in the dispensary is helping to make the Church better known, despite all opposition.

There must be dozens of dispensaries and clinics in Antung, but we have had as many as forty patients a day for the past couple of months.

All is quiet in town. It is policed by soldiers of the new government, to the number of about three thousand.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Catholic Mission Literature—

A handlist compiled by Stephen J. Brown, S.J. Published by The Central Catholic Library Association, 18 Hawkins Street, Dublin, Ireland. Price, two shillings.

Divine Worship—

An essay on the nature of the Catholic Liturgy, by Johannes Pinski. Published by The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn. Price, 10 cents.

A Postulant Arrives—

By Bro. Joachim Vincent. Vocational booklet published by the S. O. S. For the Preservation of the Faith magazine, Holy Trinity, Alabama.

How to Use a Daily Missal in 1932—

By Rev. J. W. Brady. Published by the E. M. Lohmann Co., Saint Paul, Minn. Single copy, 15¢.



A BREATH TAKING EXPERIENCE

The "thrill" of boarding a Chinese ferry in an automobile beggars description; the narrow, steep approach, the frail craft, the possibility, or rather probability, of a plunge into muddy waters—all this must be experienced to be fully appreciated

MUST ALSO BE YOUR TRAILS.

THE FIELD AFAR

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TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

OCTOBER should bring special blessings on the mission world. Rosary Sunday, to start with, witnesses a loving Mother inspiring interest in the souls of her children, while interceding for those who do not know her Son.

Then are also commemorated the "Teresas", ardent missionaries, each disappointed not to have been able to go personally into the remote fields; St. Francis of Assisi, likewise deterred, but always mindful of pagan needs; and above all, Christ the King, Whose great Feast is now celebrated in this month of devotions. *Thy Kingdom come!*

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; by Whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world. (Mass of St. Francis of Assisi.)

COLUMBUS DAY again, recalling the planting of the Cross on these shores in days when the great West was a wilderness. Today Crosses—thousands upon thousands—dot the Western landscape. Thanks be to God!

And now it is our turn to plant abroad as Columbus did! Per-

haps his *Knights* will yet emulate his example, and turn some of their energies and sacrifices towards the conversion of the world to Christ.

For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature. (Mass of St. Francis of Assisi.)

TODAY in many dioceses (may we say in most dioceses?) there is a Sunday set aside for special emphasis on the mission enterprise of the Church militant. The idea is in every way practical and it could well be extended to other subjects, as, for example, Education, Vocations, and so forth. Mission Sunday has fine possibilities—talks at Masses, exhibits, distribution of literature, mission movies, and mission plays. May the idea spread!

Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones. (Mass of St. Francis of Assisi.)

IT isn't pleasant to refer to a worker for God as a liability, but we find ourselves not infre-

quently hitching that undesirable title to our dear confrères—at home and abroad.

"Every Maryknoller a liability" is not the kind of a slogan we want; but we must admit its truth as applied even to our Superior General, for whose sustenance and few personal needs there is no guaranteed provision. And that is why we need a *Sponsor* for every Maryknoller, from the General down to the latest raw recruit. Who will sponsor a General, at one dollar a day?



CUI BONO? What is the use of learning to read, if the subjects read are only harmful or useless? Where reading is taught, there too should be inculcated a taste for what is worth-while. The hopefuls in our Catholic Schools should become acquainted with Catholic books and periodical literature. They can hardly be expected to confine their reading to what is simply and purely Catholic, but they should be familiar with Catholic titles and give to Catholic literature a proper share of their reading moments.

We of Maryknoll know by experience the value of Catholic literature in the schoolroom. We can trace many of our vocations to early impressions received by



STRINGS were used with striking effect in rigging up this unusual receiving station in China.

But the Maryknoll receiving station functions best when strings are absent. The STRING-LESS GIFT is the one which broadcasts the most heartening encouragement to Maryknoll missionaries on three continents and in the Islands of the Pacific.

pupils from readings selected by teachers in the Parochial School, and occasionally by Sunday School instructors. We can also trace to THE FIELD AFAR in schools interest that has since developed into a steady, wholesome co-operation that has edified the students and brought encouragement to Maryknoll.

Take up My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of heart; and you shall find rest to your souls. For My yoke is sweet and My burden light. (Mass of St. Francis of Assisi.)

OCCASIONALLY our readers will have noted in THE FIELD AFAR reproductions of Chinese religious paintings. These are the work of a native artist of Peking — Mr. Chang — whose technique attracted the Apostolic Delegate to China, while the latter was visiting an art exposition. Some years ago His Excellency provided Mr. Chang with a book of the Gospels in view of special orders, which were subsequently executed by Mr. Chang—as yet a pagan.

And now it is gratifying to record that, captivated by the beauty of the Scriptures, Luke Chang has been instructed and received into the Church.

By the power of the Holy Ghost I am so united to my Lord that life or death equally contents me. (St. Francis of Assisi.)

THE roots of the great Church of Christ must be sunk in the countries which her priests evangelize.

It is good to read of the ever-rising number of native priests, Brothers, and Sisters in heathen lands; and Maryknoll, youthful as she is, is proud of her present record of aspirant-priests in Eastern Asia. In this issue of THE



A MOST ARDENT DESIRE TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO THE REDEMPTION OF THOSE "OTHER SHEEP", STRAYING OUTSIDE THE TRUE FOLD, BURNED IN THE GENTLE SOUL OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI

FIELD AFAR Bishop Walsh, of Kongmoon, has an article on the first Maryknoll Novitiate for Chinese Sisters. Read it.



“HOW do your vocations come?” we are often asked. We might properly answer—by the Grace of God; but we realize that God works through human instruments and that even vocations depend on human wills, to such an extent that many a vocation has remained inactive for lack of encouragement and direction.

For Maryknoll, we may say that vocations have come as a rule:

- (a) Through the interest of priests, Brothers, and Sisters.
- (b) Through the example and enthusiasm of boys already preparing.

A NEW MARYKNOLL BOOK
This is the story of Maryknoll's first ordained, as told by Maryknoll's first bishop, his fellow missioner in China. See back cover.

(c) From mission reading; THE FIELD AFAR and *A Modern Martyr* have been frequently mentioned by applicants.

And behind these tangible, human influences have been the prayers of God-loving parents, and of thousands who wish well to Maryknoll.

THE Son of Man, when He cometh, shall He find, think you, faith on earth (Luke 18, 8)? If He does, it will be because those who possessed it made it their business to pass the precious treasure on to others.

This is mission work, whether it take the form of putting the baby to bed with a prayer, or of going to the ends of the earth to preach Christ. God wants you to have a share in it, according to your circumstances.

I tell you that God has elected and called the friars for the advantage and salvation of all men throughout the world; not only in the lands of the faithful, but also in the lands of the infidel, they shall receive and gain many souls. (St. Francis of Assisi)

HAVE you remarked how often the Holy Father, Pius XI, expresses his interest in the youth of today?

“Watch the young”, is his frequent admonition to those who in virtue of their position in the Church are privileged to receive from him personal advice and instruction.

“Watch the young.” Those tender years are as full of promise as of danger. Their minds and hearts are ready for just such impressions as the mission cause will make if properly presented. If the lessons of self-denial, sacrifice, and zeal for souls can sink into the youth of today the Church of tomorrow will be as the tree that is planted by the running waters, vigorous and full-leaved.

As "Bishop" of His Flock, Monsignor

By the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis X. Ford, of Brooklyn, N.Y., Prefect



A PASSING CLOUD OBSCURES BRIGHT EYES AND A WINNING SMILE

NO matter where exercised, there is a regularity about all priestly activity; and, even in China, once the newness of the surroundings has worn off, the missioner finds himself following more or less closely a daily routine. His one outlet is a mission trip away from home base, and this, despite its frequency, usually offers something unexpected that relieves the monotony.

Such an expedition fell to my lot

recently when Fr. Maynard Murphy (once of Montreal, Canada) asked me to confirm a group of his Christians at Pet-teou-tsai. A beeline from our Mission Center at Kaying to Pet-teou-tsai would possibly be seventy-five miles, but no bee would have any business across the mountain ranges; even a poor human must skirt the valleys, and the valleys here are ultra-modern in pleated skirts that lengthen the journey to over a hundred and twenty miles.

The Mitre Problem—

In these days of bandit-soldiers and soldier-bandits the aim of the traveler in China is to look too poor for profitable search. On other trips I've tried a knapsack on my shoulders, but on horseback the knapsack is a problem. If it is too loose, your money jingles for all the world to hear and envy; if too tight, it gradually works up and has a strangle hold on your Adam's apple; if too low, it thumps your spine like a chiropractor; and, last in this litany of miseries, if it is not exactly centered, it is you and not the horse who bears the burden.

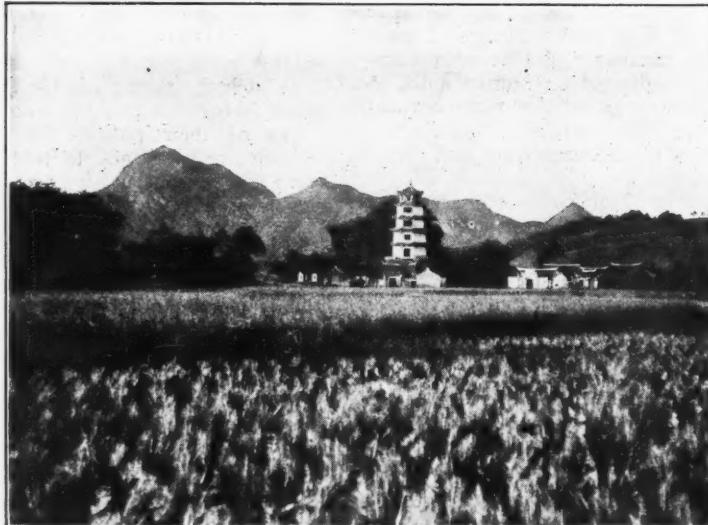
I thought seriously for a moment of simply shoving the mitre under my coat; but, unfortunately, it is one of the terrifying type with pointed peaks that would not conform to my round shoulders, and, besides, such a proceed-

ing would be too much like sleight of hand and would smack of levity. So I resigned myself to a baggage carrier.

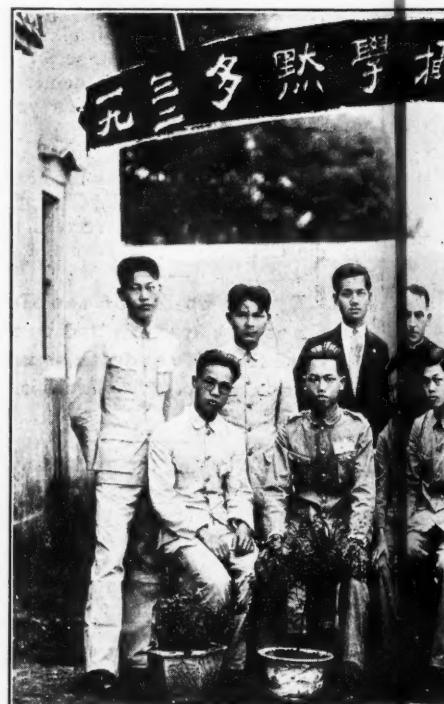
Concerning Horses—

You must bear with me for awhile if my talk runs to horses. Horses in China are so comparatively cheap and so exchangeable (at a slight loss) that there is a temptation to sigh after a speedier one, and turn your old model in for what you can get. Such has been my case, and the latest has still to unlearn the difference in riders.

It's strange that nationality shows even on horseback. I'm told by observant Chinese that the French missionaries use a single hitch of the saddle straps, while we Americans double them. In holding the reins the Chinese invariably use both hands, and pull the horse's head to an apparently impossible angle, and when they want speed they raise the reins high in the air. So that, when the poor animal comes under our control, he has to be taught Western technique (or what passes for



THE SHADOW OF PAGANISM ON KAYING'S FIELDS



MSGR. FORD (CENTER) AT HIS KAYING HOME

Signor Ford Acquires a New Viewpoint

Brooklyn, N.Y. Prefect Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kaying Mission, South China

the same, as observed from youthful memories of Wild West movies).

It is only a few months since I last passed this way, but in the meanwhile the motor road has been begun, and several miles of it have been finished. As the autos will probably drive the horse out of existence in a few years, I take particular delight right now, before the auto comes, in galloping over the fairly even surface. It is the horse's last stand before encroaching machinery, and he seems to appreciate the fact that he is still the speediest means of locomotion on the road.

Along the Highway—

All the world—or rather his wife—appears to be traveling along the road, and I often smile when I think of former impressions of the secluded life of Oriental women. It may be true of India, but at least the Hakka Chinese rarely finds his wife at home. She is out in the fields, along the roads, and dotting the hillsides. She is rarely alone, as women go in batches every-

where, and she is never silent. Her conversation is usually about money, the price of goods, the wages she receives, the bargaining she did, and the cost of this and that. Her vocabulary can possibly be reduced to several hundred words, but she can never be reduced to silence. Which perhaps is a healthy sign, for a talkative people are not unhappy.

Though daily on the road and making fairly long trips afoot, the Chinese woman's directions are not to be depended upon. She will give you a ready answer, a bit too ready at times, if you ask her a question about the roads. It is safer in putting the question to frame it so that a mere "yes" or "no" will not suffice, as her assent to your question does not always mean she has grasped the point, and you may find yourself taking the wrong detour.

"Under Fire" —

I have often wondered what horses did "under fire" during a cavalry charge—whether they appreciated the glory of the occasion or not, and what they imagined the cannon ball to be that burst in front of them. I went through a somewhat similar experience on arriving at Pet-teou-tsai.

The road immediately in front of the mission leads through a very narrow defile, which was packed with Chris-



THE PHILOSOPHY OF OLD AGE
IS LESS SUBJECT TO WEATHER
CHANGES

tians. Their helmet of faith was invisible, but their hands were full of firecrackers that hit the horse and myself half-a-dozen times. My shouts of warning were misinterpreted as gasps of approbation and joy; and the anger that I couldn't control was mistaken for sunburn, so I scandalized no one and could relieve my nervous fear while trying to avoid the pesky explosives.

The louder the noise at a reception, the greater its welcome in China; and



S. KAYEWMAN HALL FOR CATHOLIC STUDENTS
THE GEMENT SCHOOLS



MARYKNOLL KAYING MISSIONERS AND THEIR ALTAR BOYS



THE WOMEN OF A CATHOLIC HOME IN MSGR. FORD'S KAYING MISSION
Women predominate in Msgr. Ford's mission field, since, among the Hakka Chinese, a great number of the men emigrate to foreign parts to earn a living

the Christians here had the supercannon crackers that gave a royal salute.

Kaying's Kentucky Backwoods—

It is five years since I last visited this mission, at which time it was not under our jurisdiction, so my rather vague notions of its spiritual state had to be suddenly revised. It is the largest of our missions in extent and the hardest to administer, as its stations do not radiate from the center, but stretch along in three directions with no intercommunicating roads. It is the Kentucky backwoods of the Kaying Mission, not so much because it is in the mountains, but because its people are frontier folk where feuds and banditry are common.

My catechist at Kaying told me his people came from this section; but, when several generations were almost wiped out in feuds, his grandfather abandoned his homestead and migrated north to save the remnants of the stock.

The day I first arrived here five years ago was typical of the place. While I spoke to a group of Christians, a man on a neighboring hill blew his cowhorn with loud blasts, and immediately my audience vanished, reappearing shortly with guns, and followed the

scout over the hilltop. They had sighted one of the enemy clan in the distance, and were trying to cut off his retreat. The poor fellow had either blundered into neutral territory, or was trying to invade the enemy's camp. I heard later that he was wounded, but got away.

Like the chicken and the egg, it is hard to say who starts the feuds; but, as whole villages are kinsmen, it is easy to see how the feud once started is kept up for generations.

Not that the Christians are a blood-thirsty lot, or even offenders in this respect, but it is true that the section bears a bad name for gun play. There are plenty of consolations for the missioner here, at all events, in a large chapel filled on feast days; and the percentage who make their Easter duty is above the average of the Mission as a whole. On the Confirmation Sunday, we had about five hundred commun-

A NEW MARYKNOLL BOOK

Would you know more of the young American priest who took thirty-three babies on a three-day trip on the sampans and steamboats of China, and who baptized 2483 such babies in his short mission career? See back cover.

cants, and one hundred and seventy-two were confirmed.

A Sainte Chapelle in China—

The chapel just held the crowd, as there are no pews to take up room; and even at that several hundred of the more distant Christians made no attempt to come, as I would pass through their section on my return.

The chapel itself is the best we have in the whole Mission; the veteran French missioner who built it, and who is our neighbor to the south, showed unusual skill and an appreciation of good proportions. The exterior gives little promise of the beauty within; but that is true of most buildings in China, where the climate reduces all to a jaded uniformity.

The chapel is a Chinese version of the *Sainte Chapelle*, with a high, vaulted ceiling and narrow window panels. Its main door is massive, and the rose window over it throws a warm light that is a pleasant contrast to the average lighting in a Chinese chapel. The floor is paved, and the windows are stained glass; the usual makeup of a church at home, but rarely seen in our missions.

Père Rivière—

The visit to Pet-teou-tsai was enlivened by the presence of a French Father from the neighboring Vicariate, and French became the language of the house for five days. Père Rivière is but slightly older than ourselves, and just as young in spirit, so the talk was lively at all times. He is especially experienced in catechism work, and in giving "missions" to the Christians; and his advice was worth seeking. Many mission problems were solved in quiet recreation talks.

It is a relief to the average missioner, who is without a chance of ringing up the Chancery for information, to find out that his handling of a case has been all that the Code demands; and, lest it be thought that our cases are easy of solution, I can testify that they run the gamut of theology; in fact, the Code seems to have mission conditions in mind rather than those of settled communities, for the priest at home rarely meets some that we have often.

Forcing God's Hand—

During the return trip from Pet-teou-tsai, I visited three stations on

the way. It was hard for me to leave each place, as their welcome was so eager, and it brought back to me all that I was missing since my present position took me from active pastoral work. Fortunately, heavy rains each morning gave me an excuse to stay another day at each place, and I mentally counted it as part of my annual vacation. It was unalloyed pleasure, as I could promise these Christians a permanent pastor within a year's time.

This section is one of the limits of Fr. Maynard Murphy's parish, numbering several hundred Catholics closely grouped in several villages; and its thirty-five miles' distance from the parish church makes a pastor here necessary. Fr. Charles Murphy, whose "hometown" is Ansonia, Conn., has his eye on it, while curate to Father Maynard, and has been taking intermittent care of it.

The several thousand dollars needed to build a church and rectory of course are totally lacking; but I am forcing God's Hand by definitely promising a pastor in the autumn, feeling sure that the money will somehow come to us. While waiting to build, the pastor can live in one of the Christian's houses, and wander from place to place to say Mass, as there is no one house roomy enough to contain a large congregation.

The Christians there and then gave me as much ground as we shall need, though they are about the poorest in our Mission. Most of them are second generation Christians, and have waited thirty years for a chapel. There should be some vocations among them, as there seems to be an abundance of children in the families.

A New Viewpoint—

This trip impressed me with a fact long recognized, on which I have not commented before. There are many viewpoints in seeing the missions—as a traveler, as a newly arrived missioner, as a pastor, and, finally, as at present, as local Ordinary. The Chinese have no word in common use to distinguish a "prefect" from a bishop, and call me "Bishop" unmercifully. As "Bishop" then, a new relationship is generated with the people that was not felt before.

The poor pastor, in visiting his flock, must develop a reserve against impor-

FRIENDS can aid us in stopping mail losses by letting us know if they fail to receive in due season an acknowledgment.

This acknowledgment should reach them within a week, if they live in the Eastern States; and within two, if their home is in the West.

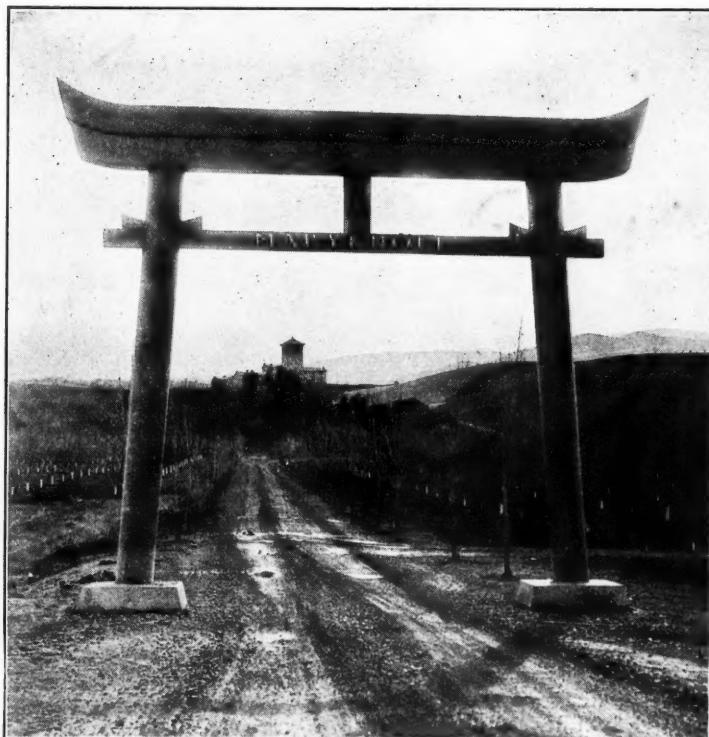
The Post Office inspectors are co-operating with us, but they are hampered if they do not learn of losses before too much time has passed.

tunate pleas; each station wants a school, or catechist, or something else that it has not now. He dares not enthuse too openly, as he is too easily reached and reminded of their needs; as though he did not know himself how badly off they are.

The bishop, however, has an easier time of it. His visit is the occasion of many sacrifices on the part of the

Christians, and theirs is the duty of spending themselves for him. He meets nothing but smiles and welcomes and reverence that would turn a newcomer's head completely, he does not have to meddle in the petty details of family squabbles, and even in the problems brought to his notice the wrinkles have been smoothed in advance and the decision is final. His is the pleasant job of pointing out to the Christians the sacrifices made by their pastor, their duty of co-operation, and the extent to which they have lived up to it. Besides, he is actually giving them something, Confirmation; and the fact that it is a purely spiritual gift makes it still happier giving.

In fine, a Confirmation tour in China carries with it something of the quickening spiritual life of Pentecost, and the realization that it marks the brightest day, political or ecclesiastical, in the life of the village makes it one long *Hosanna* in going and a prolonged *Alleluia* on the return.



AN ORIENTAL TORII POINTS THE WAY TO THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR SEMINARY AT LOS ALTOS, CALIF.

OF CALVARY, AND IS PROCLAIMED BY THE SAVIOR'S WOUNDS.

Rosary Month on Mary's Knoll



UI TE a number of the students were far away when the Departure Ceremony was held last summer, but those who were present

will keep that day as a precious memory. So too will the hundreds who witnessed it—fully a thousand persons, including nearly one hundred priests representing several religious orders and many dioceses.

The "crowd" was a surprise, as no invitations had been sent out from the Center. They came in autos, in autobusses, in trains, from up-State, from the Metropolis, from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and elsewhere.

Relatives of our "departants" were present in goodly numbers—not remote cousins, but parents, and brothers, and sisters. Fine is the spirit of the parents who stand so calmly under the pain of separations that tear the fibers of human hearts. We have always been thankful for the attendance of parents at our Departure Ceremonies. Their presence has been a strength for themselves, while it lessened the greatest trial of the outgoing missioner, the consciousness that he was imposing a sacrifice on his own.

The Departure Ceremony was conducted as usual in the Seminary Quadrangle, under the open sky, with the Hudson in full view and the sun setting behind the Jersey hills.

This year a new feature attracted our visitors. The marble statue of *Our Lady of Maryknoll* that stands in the center of the Quadrangle was sheltered by a kiosk, typically Oriental in design and color. In the evening light the tiles (received directly from China) sparkled, and gave an impression of the kiosk as of a great



GLIMPSED THROUGH THE SEMINARY ENTRANCE
Pupils of Saints Cyril and Methodius School, of Brooklyn, N. Y., accompanied by their Sister teachers, make contacts that will mean much for the mission cause

jewel.

A hush fell over the Knoll as Monsignor McMahon, of New York, began his eloquent discourse. As he stood on the steps of the kiosk and under the statue,

his voice, rebounding from the great gray wall of the Seminary, was carried easily to all who listened. Following the principal discourse, the Superior General spoke, addressing himself in turn to parents and their missioner sons. Assignments were then read, Mission Crucifixes blessed and distributed, and the Kiss of Peace bestowed on the missioners.

Meanwhile, as twilight faded into darkness, concealed lights illuminated the lovely forms and faces of Mary and her Divine Child.

An altar had been set up directly under the statue which was now revealed in its full beauty, and, as the farewell hymn finished, the tinkling of a bell announced the coming of the King—while all on terraces and lawns dropped to their knees in adoration. Monsignor Lane was celebrant of Solemn Benediction, which closed the Ceremony, and, as the voice of the bell announced that the Sacred Host had been carried again into the Seminary, the people and priests rose to greet one another and to bid farewell to their departing friends.

We believe, however, that no one turned from the compound that night without one lingering look at Our Lady in her bejeweled kiosk.

The Sisters' Departure Ceremony—
ON last August the eighth there was a Mission Departure Ceremony over at the Sisters' Mother-House, when relatives and friends bade farewell to a new group of American Sister-missioners for the fields afar.

The names and destinations of these privileged apostles are as follows:

To South China

Sr. M. St. Teresa Hayden
(Medford, Mass.)

To the Philippines

Sr. M. Siena Schnettler
(Saginaw, Mich.)

To the Hawaiian Islands

Sr. M. Dorothy Walsh
(Kokomo, Ind.)
Sr. M. Boniface Miller
(Watertown, Wis.)
Sr. M. Laurentia Heaney
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)
Sr. Agnes Marie Roche
(Belmont, Mass.)
Sr. M. Kostka Green
(Memphis, Tenn.)
Sr. M. Louise Peck
(Chicago, Ill.)
Sr. M. Alberta Sullivan
(Fairhaven, Vt.)
Sr. M. Jean Vianney Underhill
(Framingham, Mass.)
Sr. M. Francis Xavier Anable
(Utica, N. Y.)
Sr. M. Denis McCarthy
(Roxbury, Mass.)

East and West—

THE Superior General remained at the Center during the summer months except for two brief visits, one to Winona, Minn., the other

to Manchester, N. H. At Winona he assisted the Most Rev. Bishop Kelly at the Ordination of Fr. Merfeld which, as announced in our last issue, took place in the chapel of St. Teresa's College.

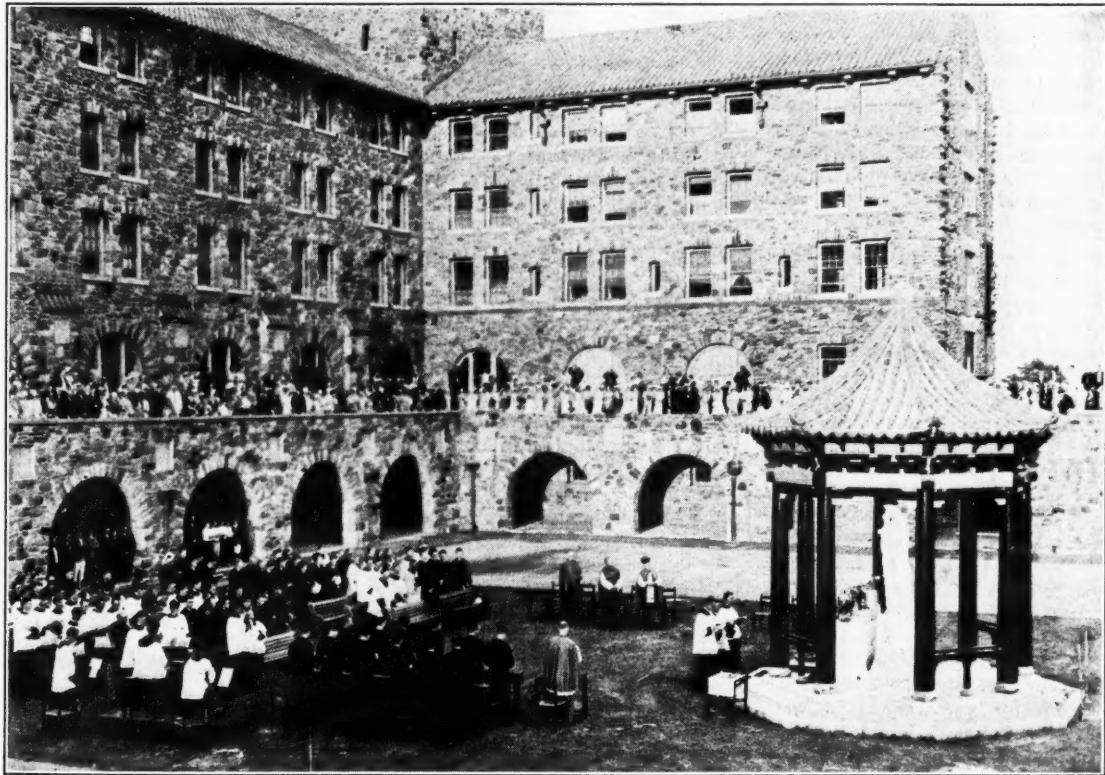
Parents and relatives arrived at an early hour, after long auto rides from Iowa. Four hundred Sisters, who were following summer courses at the College, were in attendance; and the ceremony, conducted by Bishop Kelly and his assistant priests, is a soulful memory for all who witnessed it.

After Fr. Merfeld had given blessings innumerable, his relatives lunched with him as guests of the Sisters of St. Francis of the Congregation of Our Lady of Lourdes. Bishop Kelly presided with the Superior General of

Maryknoll who, later in the day, after Fr. Merfeld's departure, inspected the splendid College of St. Teresa.

Fr. Walsh never returns from the West without praising its great institutions, but he was especially enthusiastic over his visit to Winona—its St. Mary's College for young men and St. Teresa's for young women. He also made the trip to Rochester, to the famous Mayo clinic, where Sisters of the same order conduct their nationwide hospital work.

At Manchester the Superior General attended the installation of Bishop Peterson, reporting it one of the best planned and most dignified ceremonies which he has witnessed in this country.

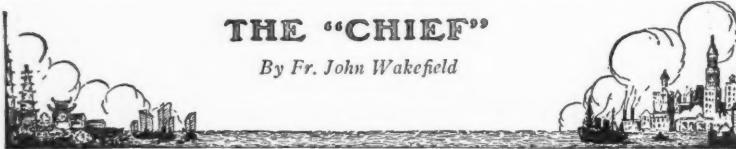


THE 1932 MISSION DEPARTURE

Monsignor Lane, who accompanied this year's Manchurian mission band, stands with the "departants" to the left of the altar and the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Maryknoll, sheltered now by a typical Oriental kiosk

THE "CHIEF"

By Fr. John Wakefield



R. HAROLD BAKER had been requested by the President of the Great Oil Company of which he was a Director to make an inspection of its fields in Eastern Asia. The task was not a light one and it was so important as to require a member of the Corporation to undertake it. Unaccustomed to long journeys and always cozy in his refined and comfortable suburban residence, Harold Baker did not relish his trip, nor did his wife who could hardly accompany him.

The day of departure came and went, with Harold Baker on the *President Grant*, and Mrs. Baker weeping as she returned to the home they both loved. Mr. Baker was not inclined to pick up friends very easily, and during the voyage he confined his companionship largely to the group with whom he found himself at the dining room table.

Mr. Baker Surprises Himself—

Among them were an interesting young couple on their honeymoon; a doctor; an engineer; and a young Catholic priest. Strangely enough, Harold Baker had never in his life had occasion to speak to a Catholic priest, and he was surprised at himself when, after two days, he found himself always seeking this young priest's companionship.

When Sunday came, and he knew that his friend would conduct a service in the Social Hall, he attended although it was at an early hour. The young couple and the engineer were also present, and they were evidently familiar with the Mass—which to Harold Baker was indeed a mystery. He left the boat at Shanghai, while the priest continued, bound for an interior mission in South China.

The "Chief" Falls Ill—

Some weeks later Mr. Baker arrived in Hong Kong, where his agents had

been called to discuss conditions and receive instructions. One day, as the group relaxed after dinner and exchanged experiences, kindly mention was made of the hospitality received in the interior from Catholic priests. Mr. Baker listened with special interest, the greater as he had made up his mind to try to make very hurriedly at least one interior trip, just to find out what to expect of his men.

A week later he was on his way by steamer, junk, chair, and overcrowded autobusses to a large center in the heart of Kwangsi Province. The autobusses were decidedly uncomfortable, but they covered ground, at least for a portion of the journey.

The first night in a native hotel was almost enough to turn the traveler back, but he was *game* and, with his companion, pushed on doggedly to their destination. No time was wasted in the great center, their objective; and the return trip, while difficult to face, meant a speedy resumption of tolerable living conditions. Unfortunately, however, the "Chief", as his men called him, had picked up somewhere the germ of a semi-tropical fever that halted his journey most unexpectedly in a village that was without inn, doctor, or hospital.

The Chief was positively frightened; and his companion, a seasoned traveler, though outwardly unconcerned was terribly worried. The latter's first thought was that possibly an American Protestant "outfit" could be found; but he recalled that there was none so far inland, or if there was, it would be directed by natives. Then came the recollection of a pleasant day and evening with a young American Catholic priest from his own state, in a village only a few miles further on. The Chief would perhaps hesitate to throw himself on the mercy of a Catholic priest, and, besides, this priest might be away, but it was their one chance; and when the situation was explained the Chief slid back into his chair, with

evident pain, and grimly muttered, "Go ahead".

The Catholic Mission—

The bearers lifted him from the ground, righted their burden, trotted out of the village alleys, and were soon moving rapidly over the dikes of the rice fields.

It was mid-afternoon; the hot sun beat down on the canvas top of the chair, while the Chief deplored his lot. He seemed so far from all that was dear to him—his wife, the children, his hometown, the office, and lifelong friends. Would he ever see them again? Tears came to his eyes, and some were actually flowing—a new experience for Harold Baker.

Then, as he wiped them away, there came to his mind the thought of the young priest, his boat companion, who had expressed his purpose to spend his life in this very sector of the world. "That fine boy in this God-forsaken country," he murmured; but even as the inarticulate words passed his lips there came a feeling that he would soon find a source of strength and renewed courage.

As the chair bearers, after some hours, entered the village Harold Baker's agent actually trembled while directing the way to the Catholic mission. The Chief thrust back the curtain that had been protecting him from the sun, and looked out upon the narrow alley lined with shops. The shopkeepers, standing at their open doors, stared hard as the "foreign devils" passed.

Discouragement fell on the Chief as they halted at an opening in a white-washed wall. The click of a door-bolt drawn from within gave him a strange sensation. For a moment he saw a garden of flowers; and, in the background, neat structures that recalled his homeland. Suddenly there appeared the smiling face of a priest, and for a moment the Chief thought that again he was with the young companion of his ocean voyage. Then all went black.

A Discovery—

Three weeks later Harold Baker awoke to consciousness, and looked around his room dazed. He was alone. On the wall before him hung a crucifix. On the desk, behind a shelf of books, was the small statue of a wom-

THE FIELD AFAR

OCTOBER, 1932

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an holding a child in her arms. A few framed prints, some photographs, and a couple of wicker chairs completed the furnishings.

But where was he? As he wondered, a light step fell on the straw matting that covered the floor, and a kindly countenance beaming with surprise appeared in the doorway. The Chief stared at the figure; that of a white man, dressed like a Chinese, and carrying on a small tray a glass of milk.

The tray shook as the bearer hastily set it on the table, and looking at the patient said quietly, "For the love of Mike; and how are you! God be praised! You'll get well soon now."

Explanations followed gradually. Brother Richard, a trained nurse with an Irish heart and a sweet brogue, had taken turns with the Chief's "Number One", and with the pastor, as often as the latter could be spared from his duties. The Chief soon came to a realization of his position, but could hardly believe that three weeks had passed; and then, remembering his last conscious moment, he started to ask many questions.

Suddenly he stopped, as his eyes lighted on a homemade bookcase, and asked for the photograph that stood on it. Immediately he recognized his fellow-traveler's face. He was then informed that he was actually the guest of the young priest's older brother, who himself shortly afterward entered the room radiant.

The Chief recovered quietly, and found much to interest him in those convalescent days at the mission.

An Unexpected Visitor—

Six months later Fr. Smith, the rector of St. Joseph's Church, in _____, Ohio, was surprised one evening when the maid brought to his study the card of his distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Harold Baker, with whom he had never had more than a bowing acquaintance. The local papers had reported Mr. Baker's illness in China, and his return to town had been an event.

Fr. Smith wondered now what could be the purpose of this call. He was hardly prepared for such a visitor; in fact, he had been a little upset that day. Much against his inclination, he had agreed to allow the Diocesan Mis-

sion Director to make an appeal for Home and Foreign Missions.

There was a debt on the rectory and church; school expenses could just be met; and unemployment of parishioners had reduced his fund for the poor to a few dollars. Fr. Smith had been tempted to turn down the request, but the Bishop was behind the appeal. His acceptance then had been a grudging one, and it left him annoyed, even



FR. CONSTANTINE F. BURNS, OF
TOLEDO, OHIO, MARYKNOLL MIS-
SION PROCURATOR IN HONG KONG
While in Hong Kong the "Chief"
heard kindly mention of hospitality
received in China from Catholic
priests

questioning the value of missions, although in his heart he knew that they must be sustained.

He went down to the reception room, and received from the dignified Mr. Baker the handclasp of an old friend. With very few words of preface the Chief told of his experience in China. Fr. Smith, spellbound, interrupted him after ten minutes, brought him up to his study, offered him a smoke, and listened with rapt attention to every word.

Mr. Baker's Message—

As the story unfolded itself, Fr. Smith felt rising within him a sense of shame at the thought of his indifference to the mission cause; and when the visitor closed his narrative with the words, "You must be very proud of these fine men your Church sends out," the rector nodded his head, as if that should go without mention. But he felt a thrill; and the thrill was renewed a few moments later when, taking leave, Harold Baker slipped into the priest's hand a white envelope, saying, "I have written a message, and will leave it with you." And here was the message:

Dear Father Smith:

I wish you to know my present feeling towards the Catholic Church and her priests. Until recently I knew next to nothing about your work in this town, or about the world-wide activities of the great Church to which you have dedicated your life.

Say a prayer for me, that I may follow willingly what light I have been privileged to receive.

And now I ask you to kindly divide the enclosed check so that one-half of it (\$2,500) may be applied to the poor who look to you for help, and the other half sent to the missions of your Church. You need not think of my two young friends in China, as I am not forgetting them.

Very sincerely yours,

Harold Baker.

Social Service Work in Manila

FOR over a year the Maryknoll Sisters at St. Paul's Hospital in Manila have been carrying on social service work among the poor of the neighborhood.

Nurses from the Hospital, accompanied by a Maryknoll Sister, visit the poverty stricken homes of the Intramuros (the old) section of the city, dressing slight wounds during their visits and advising persons more seriously ill or in need of an operation to go to the Hospital for treatment. The presence of the Sister assures a cordial welcome to all the homes, as the Filipinos have a great af-

fection for the *Madres* and unbounded confidence in them.

The following diary notes give an idea of these social service visits:

We were ushered into a room so dark that a candle had to be lit before we could see our way around. A very tall boy, seventeen years of age, lay on the floor. His temperature was over 104° and his pulse was quite rapid, so we gave instructions for treatment until the patient could be removed to Santol Sanitarium. The mother is a widow, with five children younger than this boy. A neighbor offered her front room to the mother, so we transferred the boy. Another neighbor went for a priest, and, when we left, the boy looked much more comfortable, in a clean bed and a bright room.

Another visit brought us face to face with death. A young mother of twenty-four, to whom we had been giving iron ampule injections, ate some pork and died within an hour in great agony. Her mother, who was a patient at the Hospital, died less than an hour after her daughter. The baby, eighteen months old, was adopted by the mother's sister; and a boy of four was given to a friend, according to the dying woman's wish. She had been to confession and Holy Communion during the week. The woman owning the apartment house was so affected by the sudden death of these two neighbors that she finally heeded our repeated warnings, and consented to have her marriage revalidated. Husband and wife went to confession and received Holy Communion in the Church of Santo Domingo.

Many have been brought back to the practice of their religious duties through the charity shown them in this social service work. Hundreds of marriages have been rectified, and infants baptized. Most of the marriages have taken place at the Hospital Chapel, the parties concerned going to confession and returning the following morning

A NEW MARYKNOLL BOOK

Of the making of books there cannot be an end while noble lives are lived to inspire them. You will appreciate being made acquainted with this biography. See back cover.



A FILIPINA NURSE FROM ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL, MANILA, ACCOMPANIED BY MARYKNOLL SISTERS, VISITS POOR FAMILIES OF THE INTRAMUROS (OLD, WALLED) SECTION OF THE CITY

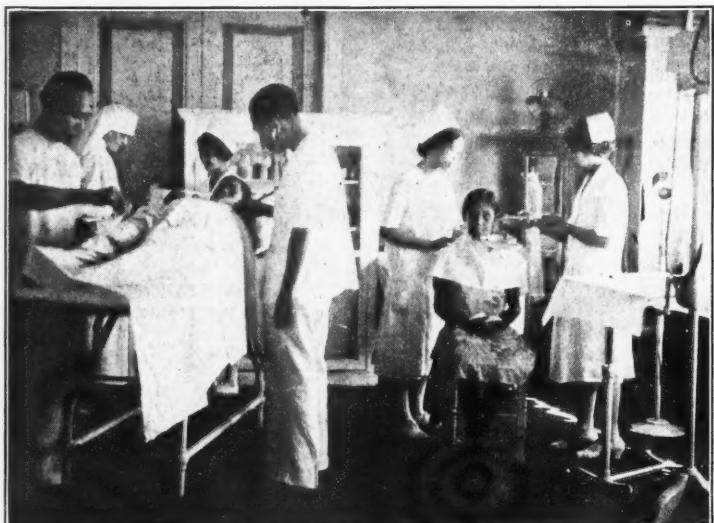
To the reader's left is Sr. M. Gertrude Moore, of Chicago, Ill., and standing beside the nurse is Sr. M. Frederica Hall, of San Francisco, Calif.

to receive Holy Communion.

Two classes for religious instruction have been inaugurated for children who do not attend school and who receive no religious instruction at home. These children are being prepared for confession and their First Holy Communion.

St. Paul's social service work ap-

pears to fill a need which no other charity could accomplish quite so well among the poor of the Hospital neighborhood. The ignorance of sanitation and lack of any idea of the ordinary obligations of home life seem to be accountable for much of the laxity and indifference in regard to moral and religious duties.



THE SOCIAL SERVICE CLINIC AT SAINT PAUL'S HOSPITAL, MANILA. Here doctors of the hospital give free treatment to poor of the Intramuros section



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



A Pleasant Place to Visit

By Fr. Adolph Paschang, of Martinsburg, Mo., Maryknoll pastor of Kochow, in South China



HE shouting of lessons came to a sudden stop when we walked into the family schoolroom at Luk Slo. The boys wagged their hands in greeting, a holiday was declared, and there was no lingering over books.

Several divisions of the large family living in this house have been preparing for Baptism for over two years. Catechists, a man and a woman, have been teaching them. This is one place where the women learned their catechism and prayers much quicker than the men. So soon as they heard we had arrived the women with babies on their arms and on their backs came to welcome us, and ask us why we stayed away so long. They are not so timid here as they are in most new Christian families.

Despite the bad weather, and bandit rumors, several Catholics of nearby villages came for night prayers. The room was crowded with the faithful and the doorways over-crowded with the curious. After prayers I started to give a little sermon, but I did not get very far before the audience at the outside door began to jabber excitedly, and the folks inside were shoving around and all talking at once.

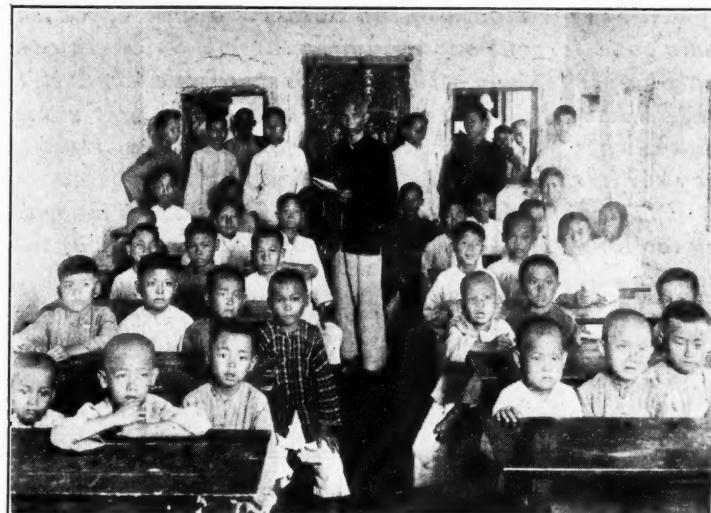
"Ai Ya! Bandits!" somebody shouted. The meeting was over!

After a few minutes we found what it was all about. A badly scared Christian, who was regaining the power of coherent speech, came in. "I was almost not able to see you now, Father," he gasped. "Just a little way down the path a great big tiger stepped right in front of me. We both stood and looked at each other. I said, 'Ahem!' He didn't move. I said, 'Ahem!' again. Still he didn't move. I said, 'Aaaahemm!' and

he jumped into the bush, and I jumped almost to here."

He told his story a dozen times to neighbors who came in, and we sat late in the night, passing around the pipe and listening to tiger stories. Some of these stories

were told we just could not go, because the boys were even now butchering a dog, and we must stay for the feast to celebrate their Baptism. "It's a fine dog, twenty years old," they said, "and it will be very strengthening food." La-



SCHOOL BOYS AT LUK SLO ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE DECLARATION OF A HOLIDAY

were extremely tall, but there was no doubt in the wide-open eyes that shone in the weak light of the smoky little lamp.

Next morning an altar was made of a door laid across benches set on end. After Mass the folks were baptized, first the men and boys, then the women and babies. When we counted up there were twenty-five new Catholics, nearly all from the same house.

Our next station was only a half-hour walk from here, so we were in no hurry. At breakfast it began to rain, and we were told, I am sure about forty times, that the rain was a sign the Lord wanted us to stay here another day. When the rain stopped they still insisted that we stay. We began to gather our stuff, but

dies and gentlemen, I like stewed dog. No pretending. We stayed.

Shortly after Mass next morning a big bowl of stewed dog was set in the middle of the table, surrounded by a bowl of rice-wine for each feaster. Just dog and wine, nothing else. Having simmered all night over a slow fire the dog was quite tender, despite its alleged age. Seasoned with garlic, ginger and other things, it was, as the Chinese say, *very fragrant*; and I was duly grateful for its "strengthening" properties.

This was but an appetizer for a big breakfast that followed about an hour later. The poor people set out the best they can for the visiting priest, and go back to rice, salt-fish and greens after his departure.

PRAY THE QUEEN OF THE ROSARY

TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

DEAR JUNIORS:

Truly I'm proud of you all! The Juniors gave the departant missioners a big boost on their steamship tickets. That's saving souls all right.

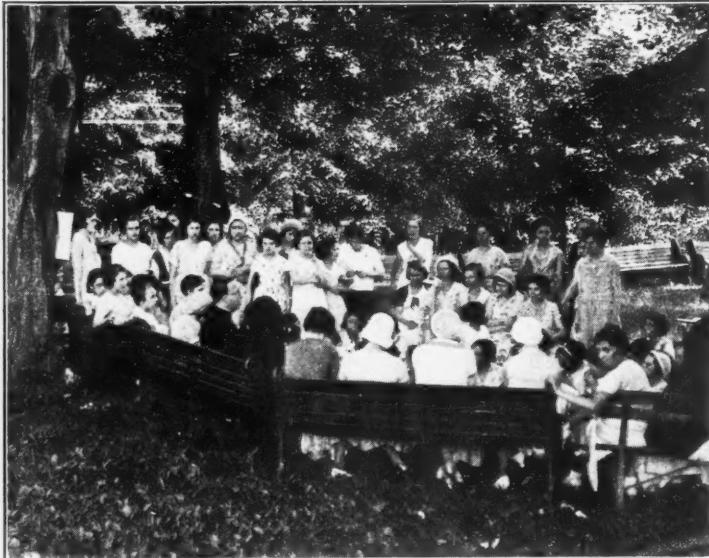
Those new missioners are in the fields afar by now. The "fun" begins! They are breaking their heads with language study and meeting many more difficulties we know nothing about. They need your help.

This is the month of the Rosary. Suppose you say some good fervent ones and help those missioners over the bumps. If you will keep a record and send it to me, I'll have Johnny total them and send them along. That always seems to encourage our men—at least so they say in their letters.

I'm anxious for your answers. Don't keep me waiting too long. Mail them immediately at the close of this month.

Ever devotedly, your

Father Chin



SUMMER VISITORS AT MARYKNOLL

This group of mission enthusiasts from St. Michael's School, Brooklyn, N. Y., are taking in an informal talk by a Maryknoll missioner

A SUGGESTION

ONE of our Mission Clubs wrote as follows, after a very successful year:

"The Mission Club of our School has a new plan for carrying on its mission work with enthusiasm and success. We are sending our new plan to you hoping that it may prove helpful to some newly organized Club.

"Our Club is divided into bands. Each group has a Promoter and Patron Saint. The Promoter is responsible for a record of attendance at the Mission Mass and Holy Communion. If the members become careless about their attendance they are duly warned.

"On meeting days a particular band is given the floor and its representatives speak on the lives and achievements of their Patron Saints. At present the Club has seven bands, with St. Joseph, St. Patrick, Blessed Théophane Vénard, Blessed Peter Chanel, The Little Flower, Isaac Jogues and St. Francis Xavier as Patrons."

NEW JUNIORS

JOHNNY has had some very busy days recording the names and addresses of many new Juniors in his big book.

The Fifth Grade at Sacred Heart School, Newton Centre, Mass., is the sixth class from that school to be enrolled.

Johnny Junior had heard some of the bookkeepers talking about *double-entry*. Not knowing just what it meant he said, "Father Chin, supposing I make a *double-entry* for them. That school does twice as much for the missions as some of them!" Father Chin couldn't help but laugh and suggested he just mark all those from Newton Center—"Very Active". And so he did.

Ernestine Gannon must have roused her neighborhood some. She sent the names of twenty-five new Juniors from Waterbury, Conn.

Joseph Hetterscheid, way out in

TO AID ALL MISSIONERS IN THEIR



TO MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



Mt. Angel, Oregon, is also a new Junior and we have four new ones in Chicago. They are friends of Eleanor Girzaits.

Then there are two whole pages of names from St. Peter's School, Provincetown, Mass. Forty in all! Welcome, everyone!



Father Chin is glad to know that his puzzlers are "hard at it" after the summer vacation. Some of the Juniors seem to have missed not having a puzzle in the Mid-Summer issue. Johnny hopes they profited by the vacation because some of the coming puzzles have him puzzled.

MISSION QUIZ

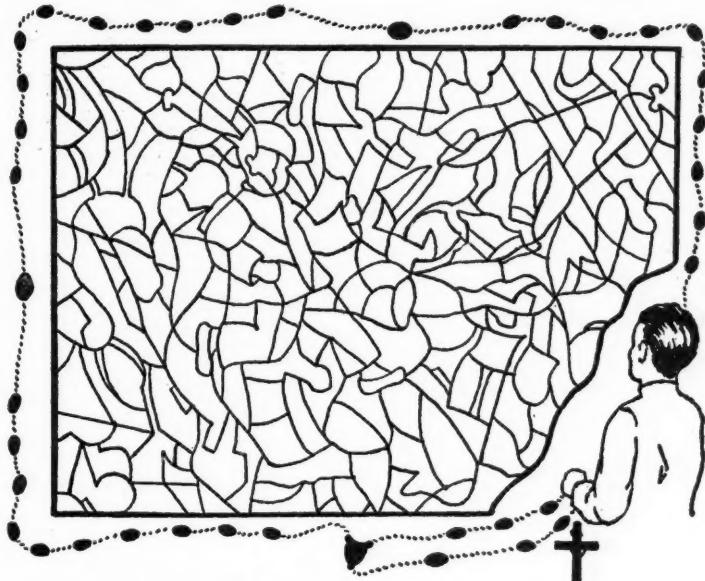
Every Junior missioner should know the answers to these questions. Send your answers to Father Chin and then watch for the Postman to bring your prize. Perhaps you will be the "wisest Junior". Try!

1. How old is the work of foreign missions in the Church?
2. Who were the first foreign missioners?
3. What great saint of the early Church is the missioners' model and patron?
4. As a missioner, who ranks second only to St. Paul?
5. What two great saints of the fifth and eighth centuries were the missioners of modern Europe?

Answers to these questions will be published in next month's issue.

When you finish your Rosary, go back to the Cross with an "Our Father", three "Hail Marys", "Saint Francis Xavier, pray for us" and the "Glory be to the Father".

Offer these for Maryknollers and all Catholic Missioners.



"For the missions—Our Father Who art" Johnny Junior never forgets to add this at the end of the Rosary. Perhaps you can find, in the puzzle, an old Korean gentleman and a little Chinese boy who are grateful that he always remembers.

Each puzzle submitted must bear the age of the puzzler.

MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

Who They Are

Boys and girls who are helping missioners.

What They Can Do

Pray for pagan souls—missioners—vocations.

Fill Mite Boxes to—

Ransom Chinese Babies

Support Missioners.

Get new subscribers for the FIELD AFAR.

Organize Junior Clubs.

Save Canceled Stamps.

Sell tinfoil, old papers, etc.

Obligations

There is no membership fee, but each Junior assumes the responsibility to—

"Work and Pray for the Missions."

How To Become a Junior

Write to Father Chin and ask to be enrolled.

Address: Father Chin,
Maryknoll, N. Y.

CRUSADE FOR CHRIST THE KING.

The Students' Page

(The letter printed below is one of a series bearing on the mission vocation. They were not written for publication, and identification marks have been deleted—but they are true stories and as such the more interesting.—Ed.)

HOW IT CAME

OF my early life I remember very little. I entered the parochial grammar school and was graduated in due time. Successful in the entrance examinations, I entered a Catholic High School and later a University.

During my high school term I tried to keep an open mind on the vocation which I felt I had. Except for an occasional prayer to our Lady for guidance, I did nothing to foster or hinder an ever strengthening conviction that I would like to be a priest. Thus far I had no thought of going to Maryknoll.

The only occasion on which I ever came into direct contact with Maryknoll's work was the showing of a motion picture in the high school. At the time this picture did not apparently have a great effect upon me. It was just another picture. However now I know that that picture, crude as its photography seemed at the time, made a lasting impression. After that I became more interested in Maryknoll's work and found great pleasure and enjoyment in reading the FIELD AFAR.

BOOSTER-PEP-MEETING

This is the time of the year to wake up your Unit or Club with some live-fire activities. Have a *Booster-Pep-Meeting* and mature those good ideas into definite plans.

Your Unit should have a DEFINITE OBJECTIVE.

Support a Missioner or Catechist. Ransom Chinese Babies.

Many Units have found that a MISSION WEEK put new interest and pep into their Mission Spirit. We might suggest that Debates on mission subjects, and Mission Plays could be special features. Maryknoll will gladly help you secure debate material and we have some splendid Mission Plays.

How about an outing for the Unit this month? Visit Maryknoll! Address: Maryknoll Fathers, and make arrangements.



ST. JOSEPH'S COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL AND ST. MALACHY'S BRIGADE, BOTH FROM BROOKLYN, N. Y., SNAPPED AFTER A TOUR OF THE MARYKNOLL SEMINARY ON MAY FIFTH

SPEND YOURSELF FOR SOULS.

Maryknoll Sponsors

ONE of this year's mission band is most grateful to the members of *Saint Caroline's Circle*, of Woodhaven, L. I., for their generous gift which paid for a large proportion of his expenses to the Orient.

The hot summer days did not succeed in putting a stop to mission activities on the part of the members of the *Sacred Heart Auxiliary of St. Caroline Circle*, in Valley Stream, L. I.

Their Secretary wrote us that they held meetings on the seashore! Many of us would have enjoyed doing likewise.

"Regularity" seems to be the watchword of our *Chi Rho* Circles, of Des Moines, Iowa, whose check for the support of a catechist comes without fail.

In spite of gray depression days, the faithfulness of these Iowa mission enthusiasts keeps the outlook bright, and one more catechist on duty.

Five hundred dollars were needed for every missioner's departure expenses to the Orient; and eighteen were sent. Just figure it up for yourself!

Some of our Circle friends must have done a little figuring, too, as we are indebted to the following circles for help in meeting this expense: *Holy Redeemer Sewing Circle*, Montrose, Calif.; *St. Brigid's Circle*, of Brooklyn; *Little Flower Circle*, Milwaukee, Wis.; and *St. Paul's Circle*, of Minneapolis, Minn.

A newcomer to our family, *Our Lady of Victory Circle*, of Syracuse, N. Y., made its bow to us this summer. The initial gift of its members was a generous check to help pay a China-bound missioner's expenses.

Welcome to our midst, friends, and, thank you!

The icy blasts of cold Korean winters will have no horrors for one of our missioners, who has been supplied

by the *Saint Francis Xavier Circle*, of Detroit, with some fine, warm comforters—the kind that Mother used to make.



THE LATEST BIT OF GOSSIP IN KOREAN CIRCLES

Now Meg, don't tell a soul, but you know the beautiful new altar linens Father has? Well, I heard Sister say a "Circle" in America sent them. You don't know what she meant? Well, I shan't rest till I find out

The Secretary of *Jeso Shing Sam Circle*, of Hamilton, Ohio, is not content with her contributions through her Circle, but believes in doing things on the side.

One of our native seminarians in Manchuria is to be sponsored for another year by this friend of the missions.

A SLOGAN • GET A FRIEND

DO not be afraid to ask others to subscribe to *The Field Afar*. They will acquire a great deal more than their dollar's worth; and you will have the merit of aiding the mission cause.

Get at least one new friend for your old friend • *The Field Afar*.

Friends At The Golden Gate

A RED letter day in the history of Maryknoll-in-San Francisco was last August tenth. It marked the departure of Monsignor Lane and this year's group of missioners for Manchuria.

The *Ceremony of Departure* was held in the Cathedral here. The rector, Monsignor Ramm, acted as host to the missioners, and His Excellency Archbishop Mitty presided and preached the sermon. A zealous missioner himself, the Archbishop spoke in no uncertain terms of the need of foreign mission work, and the blessings it brings to the Church at home. Because of his close associations with Maryknoll from the very beginning, he was able to picture its development both at home and abroad.

The Cathedral was well filled, and a large number of priests were in the sanctuary. It is safe to say that every person who witnessed the Ceremony went away with a keener appreciation of the missioners, and a purpose to follow this work of the Church with prayers and alms.

The Seventh Annual *Maryknoll Bridge Party* took place in the Fairmont Hotel, on September seventeenth. Kind friends have always helped to make this event a financial as well as a social success. The proceeds from the party this year were divided between the Junior Seminary at Los Altos and our missioners in the Orient.

We can never be too grateful for Sponsors. It costs a little over a dollar a day to supply meals and housing for any class of Maryknoller—priest, student, or Brother. Were it not for benefactors, where would Maryknoll be?

A fine example of how a small sacrifice can go a long, long way is shown by a group of high school girls here. Twenty of them are going to put aside five cents a day out of their allowance, and their daily sacrifices will support one of our priests in China. Some have even told us that, since they started saving for the missions, they have saved for themselves as well.

Maryknoll Providers



Maryknoll has, over across the Pacific, five mission fields that look to the Home Center to provide exercise for their chopsticks. Were it not for our apostolic partners among the clergy and laity of the United States, these five growing youngsters would have found their bowls empty more than once.

WITH eighteen new apostles in our 1932 *Mission Departure Band* and two others returning to resume their labors in the Orient, it looked as though Maryknoll were venturing a good deal in these depression days. Five hundred dollars had to be found for the travel expenses and outfit of each of these young missioners, and we had no reserve fund on which to draw.

But God will not be outdone in generosity, and He inspired in numerous Catholic hearts an urge to assist our most recent group of Maryknoll Christ-bearers. Among the larger offerings received were donations from friends in Roxbury, Mass.; Bayonne, N. J.; Cincinnati, O.; Brooklyn, N. Y.; Los Angeles, Calif.; Chicago, Ill.; Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.; Dubuque, Ia.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Boston, Mass.; Cortland, N. Y.; New York City; Detroit, Mich.; and Malden, Mass.

We take this occasion to thank in the Name of Him Who commanded His Apostles to *Go into the whole world and to Teach all nations* every mission-lover who came to the assistance of our "departants". *The gift without the giver is bare* cannot be said of friends of our work, the extent of whose sacrifices would be a revelation to the worldly-minded.

The *Sponsor Idea* is gaining ground among our readers, and an increasing number of persons interested in Maryknoll are taking note of the fact that *it is not enough to equip and send out missioners—they must also be sustained after they have reached the fields afar.*

ABOUT WILLS

SHOULD you desire to benefit Maryknoll in your will, do not forget that

- (a) Our legal title is—**Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated**
- (b) You should have **three** witnesses to your signature.

Noteworthy offerings for the *Support of Maryknoll Missioners* came to our hilltop from benefactors in Arcata, Calif.; New York City; Imola, Calif.; and Worcester, Mass.

An investment in a *Maryknoll Annuity*, benefiting both the investor and our mission work, was made by a friend in Los Angeles, Calif.

Aid in the *Training of a Maryknoll Student* came to us from New York City, in the name of one who has already gone to receive from the Master the reward of those who assist His apostles.

A new Native Student Burse, *The Precious Blood Burse*, was added to our list by a benefactor in New York City. This Burse (\$1,500), placed at interest, will enable our missioners to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

CARDOME ACADEMY
Georgetown, Kentucky

A School for Girls

Conducted by the Sisters of the Visitation. In the heart of the Bluegrass. Fully accredited. College Preparatory and Intermediate. Southern culture and refinement. High moral and religious training.

For Catalogue, address:

THE DIRECTRESS

An addition to another Native Student Burse, the *Blessed Théophane Vénard Native Clergy Burse*, sent it "over the top" and placed it on our roll of those completed.

Sums sufficing for a year's *Support of Native Seminarians* in Korea and Manchuria were donated by friends in Los Angeles, Calif.; and Hamilton, O.

A Maryknoll missioner in Korea was heartened by a gift towards the erection of a *Chapel*, received through the Boston Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Since our last issue went to the printers four *Wills* containing a remembrance of Maryknoll matured, and we were notified of legacies in nine others.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friend, 1; M. S. and Relatives; J. Mc.; M. E. D. and Relatives; Dr. T. E. B. and Family; E. D. and Relatives; M. P. and Relatives; Mr. and Mrs. C. T. F. and Family; J. B. S.; M. M. B.; J. M. F. and Relatives; M. M.; P. A. H.; N. M.; J. and E. C.; T. F. and M. W. M.; Relatives of A. N.; E. M. P.; L. M. D. and Relatives; J. B. and Relatives; J. F. M., Jr.; J. E. deF. and Family; Relatives of M. E. O'N.; D. M. and Relatives; W. J. McC.; K. M. and Relatives; Relatives of M. R.

Deceased: Reverend Friend, 1; William McCormick; John and Catherine Carney; Helen J. Browne; Sarah C. Burgen; Julia Mackay; Catherine Fitzsimmons; Ellen C. Fanning; Helen Hefferman.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS
WE ask prayers for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rev. Francis P. Duffy; Rev. Wm. P. McNamara; Mother M. Gabrielle; J. A. Zimmerman; J. H. Maloney; John Storm; Mrs. Clara Hall; Mrs. Hanora Maum; Mrs. Phylis Daley; John Hogan; James Burke; Alexander Betz; Mrs. Frank Page; Mrs. Harry Boyce; Mrs. Margaret Cullen; Jane Sullivan; Mary Early; Mrs. T. O'Mara;

OCTOBER, 1932

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Mrs. Mary Torrance; Mrs. W. Donavanville; J. Edgar Lupien; Mrs. Katherine Hart; Mary Kennedy; John Morgan; Mrs. Sperati; John Couzins; Margaret Brawley; Nora Cotter Brosnan; Daniel Noonan; J. W. Humphreys; Mary Towle; Wm. P. Conlon; J. R. Dunphy; J. Murtha; T. F. Baily; Chas. Salzbach; Dr. T. F. Kane; Mrs. A. Doyle; Mrs. E. Loughery; Mrs. N. Noon; Catherine McQuillan.

Hearts of Gold

HERE are just a few dollars that I can spare for Maryknoll. I am not a well-to-do boy myself, and God knows I have a Mother Macree to take care of, but the few dollars I won't miss.—*St. Paul, Minn.*

Being a native-born Marylander, I deem it an honor to be allowed to help a native son to reach the Orient. So, please give my offering to Fr. John Walsh.—*Portsmouth, Va.*

We enjoy THE FIELD AFAR so much. Maryknoll and the foreign missions are very dear to our hearts, and we are only too happy to be able to contribute even the widow's mite towards the furtherance of the wonderful work being done in the Far East.

Every night during our Rosary period we pray especially for the Maryknoll Fathers.—*Burbank, Calif.*

My husband says THE FIELD AFAR is the best edited magazine he has come across for a long time.—*Maxwell, Calif.*

I am now over seventy years of age, and it makes me very happy to be able to help your marvelous work, even in a small way.

We are among your "cover to cover" readers. Your magazine is a real window into the fields afar, through which we love to look and watch the self-sacrificing labors of our missionary priests and nuns.—*Brooklyn, N. Y.*

It is a comfort to know that, on Fridays especially, Maryknollers are praying for me and mine; so on that day I too pray for you and yours. When I scrub the floor (and I don't like that job), I say, "Dear Lord, for Maryknoll."—*Portsmouth, Va.*

St. Theresa of Avila

Translated from the French of
LOUIS BERTRAND

(Member of the French Academy)

By

MARIA LOUISE HAZARD

The life of one of the most interesting Saints of the Catholic Church. Written in the inimitable style of Louis Bertrand, one of the foremost French writers.

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THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH

109 East 38th Street
New York City

STUDENT BURSES

A burse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

MICHAEL J. EGAN MEMORIAL BURSE	4,200.00
St. Anne Burse.....	4,123.83
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,057.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse, No. 1	4,000.00
S. & E. W. Burse.....	4,000.00
St. Vincent de Paul Burse, No. 2	4,000.00
Curé of Ars Burse.....	3,947.05
Dunwoody Seminary Burse.....	3,611.94
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Pius X Burse.....	2,854.30
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Bvrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,761.85
Marywood College Burse.....	2,548.50
St. Michael Burse.....	2,500.00
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse...	2,261.19

Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,248.63
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,904.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,900.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,730.06
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	1,477.28
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,318.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,077.11
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	919.65
Sacred Heart Seminary Burse.....	850.00
St. Rita Burse.....	771.65
St. Laurence Burse.....	658.25
Children of Mary Burse.....	654.70
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	643.20
St. Bridget Burse.....	600.70
Holy Family Burse.....	576.25
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The Holy Name Burse.....	470.65
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St. Jude Burse.....	388.25
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	269.00
All Saints Burse.....	266.78
Rev. George M. FitzGerald Burse..	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	100.00

FOR OUR PREPARATORY

COLLEGES

(\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved)	4,500.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse.....	1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse	1,000.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos)	700.00
St. Michael Burse.....	694.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	678.75
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)	444.95
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse..	136.30
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	113.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present interest goes to donor.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

BLESSED SACRAMENT BURSE	1,300.50
SS. Ann and John Burse.....	1,250.00
Little Flower Burse.....	1,240.28
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
St. Ambrose Burse.....	1,100.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Souls in Purgatory Burse.....	897.75
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
McQuillen-Bömer Memorial Burse	500.00
Maryknoll Academic Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	254.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F. W. Burse	200.00

OF CHRIST, HOW MUCH WE ARE WILLING TO SACRIFICE FOR HIM.

Sponsor a Maryknoll Trail Blazer



When the trail is steep

ON the other side of the Pacific one hundred and twenty-six young American apostles are roughing it for the Master along the far-flung Maryknoll mission trail. "In journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils from the Gentiles, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness", they have, year by year, planted the Cross in former strongholds of paganism and erected Tabernacles for Christ in places where hideous idols once stood.

These valiant American missionaries are giving their all for the Great Cause, but they must be sustained. They are our representatives, we have sent them forth, and it should be a privilege to provide the sustenance of one of these apostles—which calls for a minimum of a dollar a day.

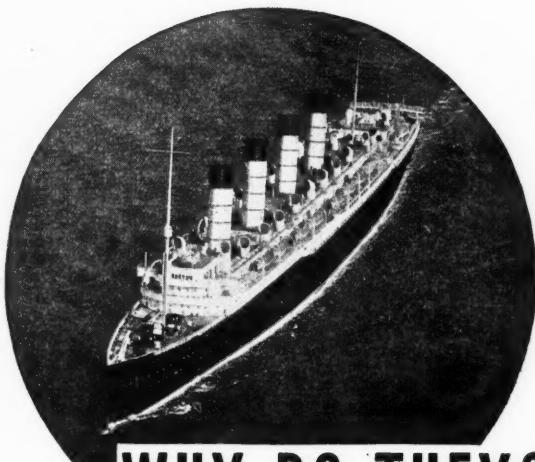
We seek among the Catholics of America:

- 200 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one year.**
- 200 to sponsor one Maryknoller for six months.**
- 400 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one month.**
- 3,000 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one week.**
- 5,000 to sponsor one Maryknoller for one day.**

Friend! May Maryknoll look to you to sponsor, at least for one day, an American Pathfinder of Christ in fields afar?

*Address: The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll -:- New York*





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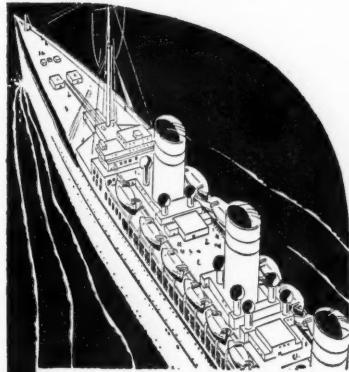
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